

9d

Lunch

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"There's plenty of sunshine Tourist Class, too!"

And some people do say there's more fun, quicker ice-breaking and younger companionship. Union-Castle does not crowd its Tourist passengers. About half an acre of deck space, a swimming pool in the sun, a dance floor, big pitches for games, large areas of shaded decks for when the sun gets too hot. Room to move about in the cabins, h. and c., and each berth with its

own bedside light and bell system. 'Ablutions' galore, and big, full-stretch baths. A shop and a hairdressing salon, a supervised Nursery for children, food to London West End restaurant standards (but more of it). A most generous allowance of luggage. Service? Well, that's first class in whatever part of the ship you make your fortnight's holiday home.

the going's good by **UNION-CASTLE**



Every Thursday at 4 p.m. from Southampton for Cape Town. Round Africa sailings from London about twice a month. Chief Passenger Office, Dept. No. 2A, Rotherwick House, 19-21 Old Bond Street, London, W.1. Tel.: Hyde Park 8400 or Travel Agents.



button . . . Sound your horn at him . . . Turn it to simmer . . ." No doubt, like all radio control systems, this one would be subject to interference. How sad to reach home and find the dinner ruined all because of an ill-tuned transmitter in the gin-palace that kept trying to overtake on the Hog's Back.

Phase It

MR. KHRUSHCHEV says that Russia will now go it alone and disarm—that is, will make fewer conventional weapons and rely for defence on the good old deterrent of nuclear rockets. He must know that this move will catch Western economists unprepared. What will the Americans (for example) do if they suddenly scrap their defence programme? How will they employ their redundant workers? Under Communism swords can be ploughed under without much trouble and regardless of friction and expense, but under private enterprise it is not so easy. Mr. K's move is a logical first step in the new war of cold economic rivalry, and the West can only look anxiously towards its economists. We have nothing to lose but our Keynes.

It's Quiet Down Here

SILENCE, a dream as unattainable as the Philosopher's Stone, can be secured in short doses only by elaborate organization. Thus one thousand Detroit citizens listened to a silent rendering of the "Anvil Chorus" with rubber mallets. Extension of the idea in the entertainment world is easy; e.g.

an orchestra of gagged and manacled musicians presenting Hindemith's Un-started Symphony, or a strong bill of Trappist monks appearing in different costumes in a continuous season of tableaux at the Palladium. In other spheres the problem is harder. For instance, I suspect that if you put a mute into a jet engine it probably won't work at all.

Morning Glory

I HAD a burst of national feeling when I read that the baths at London Airport's new "Skyways Hotel" were "standard American 5 ft. 6 in. size," and I rang up the British Standards Institution to see what was wrong with British-sized baths. No one seemed to know at first even if there was such a thing, but a young lady in the library looked up a lot of books and started telling me about the standard size of steel bars. "No, no," I said. Later she told me that there are two sizes in sheet steel baths and two in cast iron baths. I said "That makes four standards," and she said "More, because the widths are different, and anyway each comes in old-fashioned shapes and modern shapes. And then there's the tub parallel." "The what?" "I know," she said, "it's a bit weird, isn't it?" Anyway, the fact emerged that they all



"There probably will be redundancy problems, but think of the cracking soccer team we'll have."

The eighth in the series of drawings in colour by Hewison, "As They Might Have Been," appears on page 143. The subject is:

SALVADOR DALI

seem to be 66 in. long—except for three that run to 72 in. Official.

Mine's a Mynah

AMONG the hideous inconveniences of the recent exceptional heat-wave in Australia was the circumstance that, at its worst, "birds fell dead from the sky." The inhabitants never knew what was going to hit them next. It might be a Dollar-bird, a Morepork, a Lorikeet, a Black-backed Porphyrio, or even a Wonga-Wonga Pigeon. But at least that damned Kookaburra stopped laughing.

Sniff a Bargain

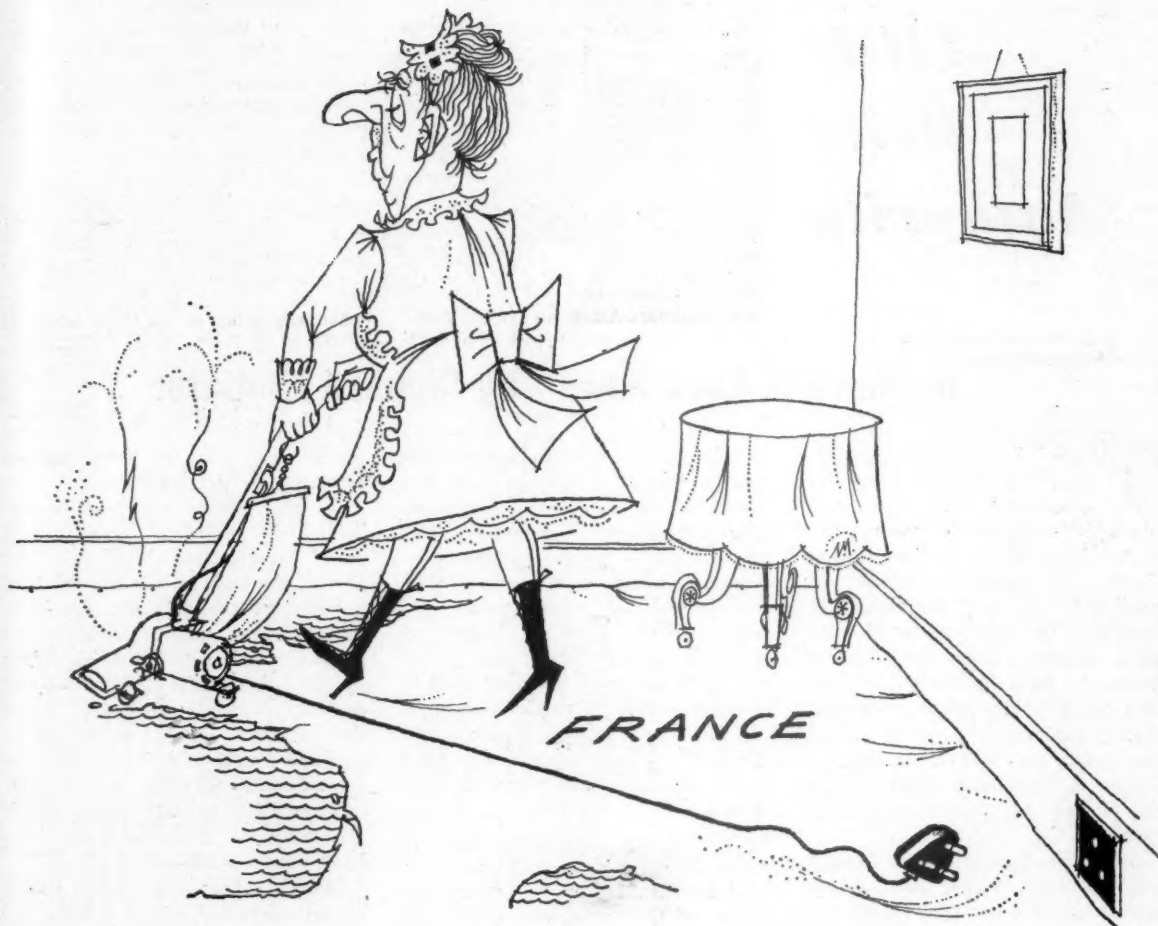
ONE way discovered by some of the more alert shops to persuade women to buy clothes for their husbands is to impregnate shirts, ties and under-clothes with the scent of new-mown hay, obviously an idea that would have occurred only to an expert. I do not know whether this is intended merely to produce a feeling of pastoral euphoria or whether more specific memories of tumbling in the hay are aimed at. Would men be attracted to a counter selling petrol-scented bras? What scent would sell children's socks to a spinster aunt? The possible developments of this odd branch of commerce are illimitable. So are the dangers. If ties are allowed to linger unsold will they smell of musty hay? That, I remember from a Gas Course, indicates phosgene.

Once an Animal-lover . . .

THE butcher of Birmingham whose pool leaked £250,738 into his pocket, named "buying a cattle farm" as his first intention. It takes more than money to get you out of a rut.

Let's All Go Bankrupt

I'D hoped for a few days' relief from optimistic batterings by City Editors with the Treasury release about an £85,000,000 drop in the gold and dollar reserve. No such luck. One of my favourites sprang in at once to acclaim it as "a drop that spells strength." —MR. PUNCH



Mon oncle le Président pense pouvoir faire table rase.

MY UNCLE, THE PRESIDENT, THINKS HE CAN MAKE A CLEAN SWEEP.

Mais il faudra faire attention

BUT HE MUST TAKE CARE

à ne pas perdre contact

THAT HE IS STILL CONNECTED

avec la source du pouvoir démocratique.

TO THE SOURCE OF DEMOCRATIC POWER.

[With apologies to Dubonnet]

In the old days men had the rack. Now they have the press.

Little Brief Authority



No News is Good News - By Richard Findlater

THOSE joys of every Englishman!—as Andrew Lang once acclaimed “the newspapers of either side”—are rapidly becoming joys all too unconfined, for a growing minority of dissident readers are appalled by the cold war waged by sections of the press against the rest of the community under the banner of Freedom. Both fact and fiction are broadcast with ever louder, ever more selective candour. The price of privacy rises with the cost of newsprint. Dignity is increasingly expendable in the pursuit of twopence-halfpenny knowledge.

Top people with titles are of course time-honoured targets, and technological progress is now enabling journalists to hit them harder with lethal inaccuracy. At the faintest breath of scandal (or even before it) not only the neo-stately homes but also any rooms where a coronet has rested are sur-

rounded by task-forces armed with midget cameras, tape-recorders and open cheques. Butlers and waiters are suborned. Nurses in maternity wards are enrolled as special correspondents. Sentinels stand guard over hotel-registers, airport waiting-rooms and register offices. On the beaches of Bermuda and the Côte d'Azur picked men grow sun-black in mined areas of potential scandal. Trained ski-ers hover on the slopes above Klosters and Wengen. Peers compete for Fleet Street payola by informing on their friends.

But nowadays not only the House of Lords is exposed to such treatment (and its attendant temptations). The House of Commons, too, offers rich material for the masters of keyhole news. Front-line rumours from Mr. Gaitskell's house in Hampstead and Mr. Crosland's Kensington home supplement, indeed camouflage, the hard news. Our man in Transport House is always at hand to broadcast the most secret conclaves of the Labour Party, and the excitement of guessing who our man is helps to keep the Party in a state of permanent civil war. Conservative quarrels and cabals provide smaller scope for political scandal, partly because that Party provides smaller scope for anyone with a mind (let alone a policy) of his own, and partly because many papers are dedicated to projecting the “image” of a Party untroubled by a twinge of doubt about the infallibility of its Leader; but even the truest and bluest of journals eavesdrops

occasionally on, say, the political ambitions of Mr. Butler.

Outside politics the press is dispelling the traditional anonymity of other powers-that-be—in the civil service, the trade unions and the City. Tycoons of the take-over age—even those without spectacular wives—are no longer safe from what Sir Edwin Arnold called Slaves of the Lamp and Servants of Light (unless of course they advertise in the papers of the aforesaid Slaves and Servants). The private life of the royal family is ruthlessly exhibited to the loyal curiosity of their subjects. Even the home of the pools-winner is not sacred.

The time has come, as the leader-writers might say, to call a halt. But how? Prospective members of the resistance movement should first be warned of what *not* to do. It is useless to contemplate an appeal to the Press Council, where top people of the newspaper world sit in camera to consider complaints against themselves. With a touching solidarity in the face of uninformed criticism, which even the elder statesmen of the Electrical Trades Union might envy, they ladle whitewash over each other's records in a mutual forgiveness of sins in print. No council is more privy than this one. Vex it not.

Nor should one put one's faith in bombarding editors with letters of righteous indignation, even when these are reduced by saint-like self-control to the optimum snippet-length allowed to Public Opinion by most of its nominal organs. Pressure of self-esteem, if not



“Ten pounds I paid for that fiddle, and a string broken already!”

of space, will push out angry protests against the new tyranny of the Fourth Estate; and in any case the editor is not the correct target for dissenters' fire. Carlyle might properly ask, with rhetorical flourish, "Is not every able Editor a Ruler of the World, being a persuader of it?" But to-day, as every junior reporter ought to know, that role has been assumed by the Advertising Manager. Corrections of fact, it is true, may percolate into print, but unless backed by material threats of legal action they are unlikely to be seen by the naked eye of the average browser. Moreover, public bodies are not recommended to emulate the Press Council's own example, by excluding representatives of the press from their meetings. And it is a counsel of despair to go on strike by ceasing to read the popular press at all: there is no

substitute for a newspaper, not even *The Times*.

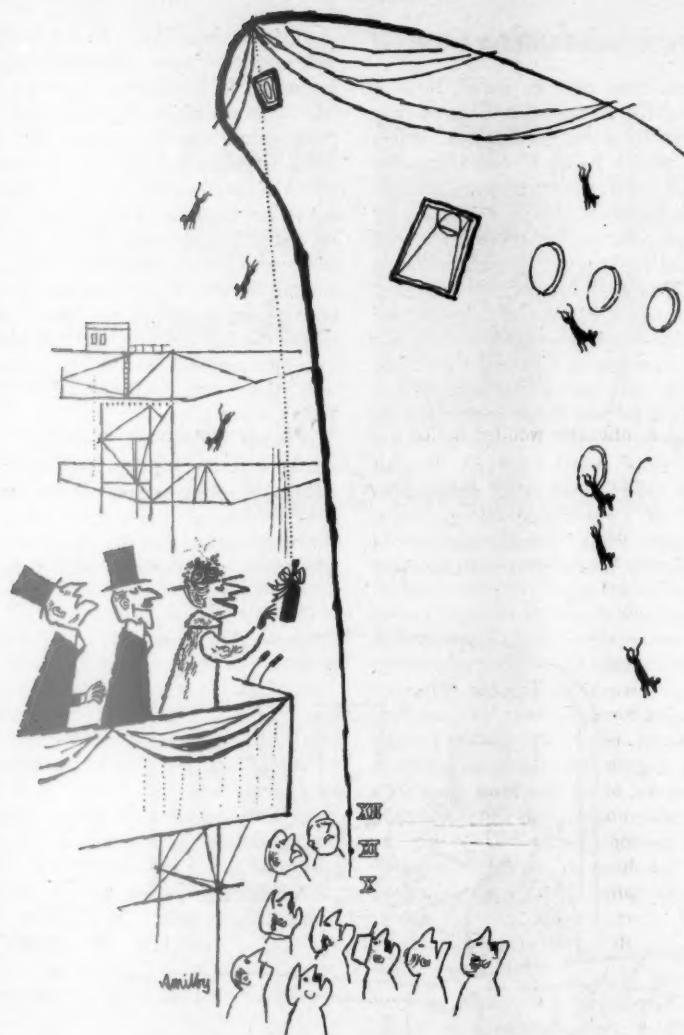
What, then, is to be done? First of all, positive preventive measures may be taken by some institutional victims of the press. In local government, for instance, further complaints of journalistic indiscretion may be forestalled by refresher courses for councillors both Left and Right in the elementary rights of man, even of ratepayers. The best way to avoid the charge of behaving like a dictator is still not only to behave like a democrat but to look and sound like one too. In union disputes British strikers who plead that their cause is never presented to the public might try using their native, natural English tongue instead of the polysyllabic clichés of clapping chairmanship. (Although mass communications in pictures may have improved enormously

in modern times, there's been a startling deterioration of mass communications in language.) In Parliamentary politics the M.P. who complains that his words are misreported should ensure that he himself understands what he is saying, which is not always immediately apparent at Westminster. Party "leaks" may be checked by turning off the water at the Inner Cabinet mains; and below the summit the way of resistance has already been signposted by those voters who, before the last election, met the black-mailing mumbo-jumbo of the pollsters with the brave assurance that they Didn't Know.

If other counter-measures are conducted with the right strategy one may well count on the support of the enemy itself. Although the antique ethics of the Street dictate that dog should not eat dog, alert observers of the national



"If only that energy could be harnessed and put to useful purpose."



kennels have recently noticed some pretty swift bites and heard unmistakable yelps of pain. The sins of the *Daily X* may provide good copy for the *Daily Y*. Proprietors are showing a magnanimous readiness to broadcast the boners of their rivals, and even to ventilate the grievances of their own malcontent readers—as long as these readers know how to turn them into hot news and good entertainment. Mr. William Douglas Home, for example, recently raised aloft the banner of revolt by his refusal to accept the Press's verdict on *Aunt Edwina*. Not every insurgent, of course, can boast the capital reserves of cash and courage enjoyed by Mr. Douglas Home. Few are brothers to an earl. Rather fewer

share his unflinching readiness for personal combat in print and his ability to camouflage the fight with fun and games of a kind which editors enjoy. Yet all too many long-sufferers still believe that it is bad form to answer back, and the freedom of the press is endangered by this fake gentility about self-defence. More artists, politicians, authors, and scientists should gallop into the lists; and the vigour and vitality not only of the press but of their own professions would be greatly improved if they drove home real argument and controversy in terms that made sense to the majority—but their own terms, too.

Learning how to do that will take some time, on the evidence available.

But while waiting for the élite to learn the lesson of E. M. Forster ("Only connect . . .") members of the resistance movement may consider cruder, more immediate action. They must, for a start, have a newspaper of their own. Only a millionaire, of course, can hope to buy one of the existing journals, or launch another on the same scale. Perhaps such a millionaire, oppressed by guilt or goaded by fury, may be found. Yet the new *maquis* needs only a small, specialized and inexpensive organ available to subscribers. Its staff of correspondents would make it their business to ferret out the private lives of press tycoons, their families, and their chief employees. They would exercise the full freedom of the press in burgling their houses, bribing their servants, bullying their friends, imagining their opinions, publicizing their private griefs and exploding their public poses. Experienced volunteers for such assignments would throng to the colours, and the sale of such a paper—however modest—would very rapidly do more to guarantee the true freedom of the press than a century's protests and resolutions.

Until the errant overlords learn their lesson, moreover, private resisters must take ruthless action against spies and jackals masquerading as gentlemen of the press. The next time that an invading reporter whips a photograph of a runaway wife or a defaulting partner under his raincoat, make sure that he is charged with theft. When a photographer sneaks out of his rat-hole to take an ever-so-candid shot, break the camera over his head. Better still, do your best to keep the Servant of Light at a safe distance. When you have reason to expect a siege because your family or friends are in the news, be prepared. Polish up your rifle drill for those cameramen lurking behind the coalshed. Keep an axe in the hall for these dedicated reporters who stick their feet in the door. Mine the garden. It will cost you less, in the long run, than the havoc caused by an interview. It will be much more fun. And it might even act as the ultimate deterrent.

★

"Licensees in many parts of London reported yesterday that customers saw in the New Year in shorts."

Morning Advertiser

B—rrr!

From the Payer's End

THE high, shrill scream of an injured Film Industry rings once again through the land. Not the iniquitous Entertainments Tax this time, nor even unfair competition from Hollywood, but the monstrous acquisition by Associated-Rediffusion of fifty-five post-war British feature films for TV showing is the occasion for the present uproar. Any increase in this practice, declares Sir Tom O'Brien, President of the Federation of Film Unions and General Secretary of the National Association of Theatrical and Kine Employees, "would be disastrous for the welfare of those employed in the industry and disadvantageous for the public." And he adds the grievous words "At the moment the industry is incapable of protecting itself."

Well, tchh!

Of course it is not only the Unions that beat their breasts. The producers and exhibitors are in a right good lather, too.

Now, I know nothing about all this. The rights and wrongs of this complicated business are concealed from me. In my untutored way I should have thought that TV offered a useful second innings for films that had been the rounds—films not so hopelessly old that the heroine's cloche hat all but conceals her worn-out eyeballs, nor yet so new that Nether Wallop still awaits the chance of seeing them at the local. But clearly this is a hopelessly naïve view, and I must accept, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, Sir Tom O'Brien's statement that the showing of *Richard III* in the home (and in black-and-white, incidentally) will be disastrous to the industry. The celluloid empires will fold up and fade away; the enormous sums paid to film stars will be but a memory in the retentive mind of tax collectors; and I shall no more see, even on television, those reverent interviews with film directors that have hitherto been my spiritual substitute for an audience of the Pope.

The shaming thing is that I cannot really bring myself to care. Or rather, I should care up to a point if the film industry collapsed; nobody wants to see a multitude of technicians and cameramen and projectionists and ushers

thrown out of work, and apart from that I readily admit that over the last thirty years films, by and large, have given me more pleasure, emotional and intellectual, more excitement and more laughter than ever the stage has done. But I cannot weep. Because what has the industry, as an industry, done for me? What, in its heyday, did it do, when crowds thronged to the Odeons, the Plasas and the Palaces? It kept me standing in the rain. In endless queues, behind an offensive wooden notice with 3s. 6d. on it, I and my fellow-members of that public about whose disadvantage Sir Tom O'Brien feels so keenly crouched defenceless in the pitiless downpour while the second feature went its interminable way. No roof, no canopy, no suggestion of a covering against the elements was provided by the management, even where the cinema had its own side-alley that positively cried out for timentation. We were incapable, as Sir Tom would say, of protecting ourselves.

Oh, yes, of course, when we were at last inside nothing was too good for us. "For the convenience of Patrons," they would flash on the screen, "ice-creams are obtainable in the Circle Lounge." For the convenience of patrons be damned; the ices were sold because

they made money. And who wants an ice-cream when even his waistcoat pockets are full of water? I hope I shall not be told, angry in retrospect as I am, that trivialities like a dry place to wait—and queuing, mind you, was the life-blood of the continuous programme system, not just a silly whim of the public's—that such things are no concern of the industry; that they are a matter for the local manager or at most the exhibitors. The industry stands or falls as a whole, and if it can't look after the people who, in the last analysis, provide the money for it, it deserves to fall.

My simple guess is that if the industry, God bless it, had spent on the comfort of its patrons one-tenth of the money it gladly throws away on a mock-up of the Pyramids or some indifferent star's salary, it would have a habitual following now that no ten-year-old film on TV could estrange. But it's no good their screeching at this date, nor is it the slightest use trying to keep films away from the only place where we are prepared to wait for them, i.e. at home. We may have to wait ten years, but at least we are out of the wet.

There is perhaps a lesson here for other "industries" in the entertainment world, still drifting along on the delightful principle "So long as they come, why pamper them?" Are there not rumours already in the Soccer world



"You name it, she can make it . . . Heinz . . . Crösse and Blackwell . . ."

that gates are dwindling, that perhaps the customers are tired of getting soaked to the skin every Saturday afternoon? Circuses have cheap seats, but they spare the money for a Big Top and reserve their drenchings for the clowns. The ancient Romans had awnings over their amphitheatres. What exactly makes it impossible for the rich soccer clubs to rig some kind of protection over their terraces? And look at Lord's! It would be unreasonable to demand roofing over all the stands there, because it is not supposed to rain when cricket is on, and anyway it would ruin the look of the ground. But those seats! Twickenham is uncomfortable enough in all conscience, at a rate of about 1s. 4d. per seated inch, but one only has to stand it for an hour and a half. At Lord's they seriously expect people to stick it out on those ghastly Victorian garden seats for upwards of six hours. And they wonder why more people don't come! More people do come, of course, when there's a Test Match on, and then observe the efforts that are made for their comfort and convenience. "Convenience" in particular. Cricket reporters write often of the greenness of the grass, the stately pavilion, the pigeons and the long evening shadows, less often of the elegant fifty-yard queues shuffling towards the men's lavatories so happily sited near the Memorial Gates. Men, anyway, are brazen creatures and can take it. But what of the queue of women behind the grandstand? Do they like their so public situation?

What does it matter if they don't? They've paid.

I could go on like this for hours. Most of the theatres, for as long as I can remember, have had hopelessly inadequate foyers, tiny bars, one attendant in a cloakroom amply big enough to cope with an audience of twenty. Well, naturally. It would cost money to do anything about it—just as it would cost money, not much but some, to cut down the long hours of queuing for Cup-tie tickets. Let the people who pay the money sweat it out. Let them get wet outside, if it's an indoor show, and inside if it's an outdoor show. If they don't like it they can always stay at home and watch TV.

Which is what, in ever increasing numbers, they are going to do.

— H. F. E.



Falling Off Logs By A. P. H.

I met A.P.H. at a party, found him in earnest conversation with a boy of fourteen. Later this explanatory document came into my hands. I have A.P.H.'s and the boy's permission to reproduce it.—Editor

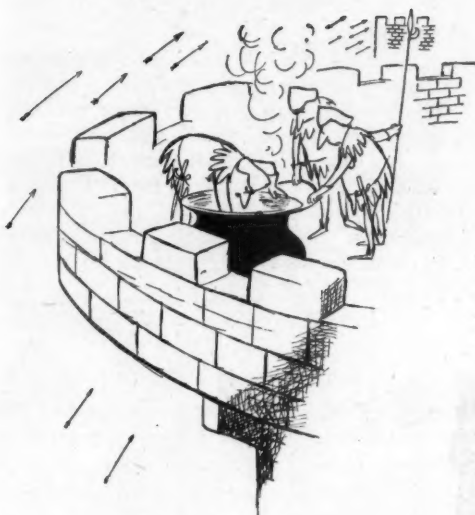
DEAR TOBY,—It is only men of rare quality who discuss such subjects as logarithms at a cocktail party: and you may remember that we did. Your admirable father would not agree that they were any use to a decent chap in real life. How little he knows!

Suppose, for example, that the old question arises: which travels faster, a racehorse, or a racing greyhound? Most people would say at once "The horse." But if that is so another question arises: "Why do they call the great liner an 'ocean greyhound'?" Should it not be an ocean filly, or mare?"

Now, if your father has in the house that splendid work *Whitaker's Almanack*, and if you have brought your logarithm tables home for the holidays, you can startle the party, and have a success.

In *Whitaker* (for 1959) you will find (page 1153) that in 1958 *Pigalle Wonder* won the Greyhound Derby in the record time of 28.65 seconds. On page 1147 you will see that the horse-Derby record was set up by *Mahmoud* in 1936—2 minutes 33.8 seconds. It is odd, by the way, that no horse has beaten it in 23 years—the little greyhounds break their records constantly.

On this evidence, which animal is the faster? It is not a fair comparison, you may say; for the horse runs a mile and a half, and the dog 525 yards only. But then, the dog has no rider to steer him through the traffic and urge him along. Also, he has *four* Tattenham Corners, not one. The horse, no doubt, does better in the sprinting races: but after all, the Derby is the thing.



Well, (1) THE DOG
The long way of doing the sum, I *think*, is this (I was never much of a maths-man):

If in 28·65 seconds a dog runs .. 525 yards
In 1 second he runs 525
28·65 yards

And in 3600 seconds (that, I *think*, is the number of seconds in an hour) he runs 525
28·65 × 3600 yards

Agreed?

Well, it's a bore; but let's have a go.

525
× 3600
315000
1575

1890000 Right?

Now we have to divide that by 28·65, and I haven't the faintest idea what to do about the decimal point—have you?

28·65)1890000(

What do you suggest?

Oh, yes, I remember. We push it along two places. Look. 2865)189000000(

What a horrible sight! But courage! Let's try 6. My hat, it goes!

2865)189000000(6596·8

17190
17100
14325
27750
25785
19650
17190
24600
22920
1680

That looks jolly confident, doesn't it? But you know as well as I do how many boss and practice shots I had to make

before I was sure that 5, 9, and 8 "went." It took me hours. I can't do any more. Let's settle for 6596·8.

I don't know about you: but I have now reached the stage in almost every sum when I've forgotten what I am trying to do. What on earth is the point of 6596·8? Oh, I remember—it's *yards*. And we must turn them into miles. You know, I *presume*, how many yards there are in a mile? Very well.

1760)6596·8(37·48

5280
13168
12320
8480
7040
14400
14080

I'm not *quite* happy about the decimal point. But I *think* our answer is that the dear little dog ran at the rate of 37·48 miles per hour. It can't very well have been 374, and I'm sure it's more than 3.

What a job! And by this time most of the party will have gone home.

But see now how quickly and smoothly you would reach the same result (I *hope*) with logarithms too.

I'm not going to explain the whole of log-drill to you: your ridiculous school should have done that by now. Suffice it to say that you look the little chaps up as if they were telephone numbers. To multiply you add—to divide you subtract: beautifully simple. Then you look up another telephone number and that gives you the answer.

Well, we have the same job: 525 × 3600

28·65

and the result of that to be divided by 1760.

Log. 525 2·72016

Log. 3600 3·55630

6·27646

Log. 28.65 $\frac{1.45713}{4.81933}$

Log. 1760 $\frac{3.24551}{1.57382}$

37.48 m.p.h.

Isn't it neat? Isn't it magical? And by some strange fluke we have even got the same fraction.

Now (2) THE HORSE

This time, I think, the odious sum is

$\frac{1.5 \text{ miles} \times 3600 \text{ seconds}}{153.8}$

And we are going to have hell with decimal points.

$\frac{1.5}{3600}$
 $\frac{9000}{45}$
 $\frac{5400.0}{1538}$

O dear! how wearisome!

1538)54000(35.11 m.p.h.

4614
 7860
 7690
 1700
 1538
 1620
 1538

So Long Division puts the Horse two miles behind the Dog. Let's try the logs.

Log. 1.5 miles 0.17609

Log. 3600 seconds 3.55630

3.73239

Log. 153.8 seconds 2.18696

$\frac{1.54543}{1.54543} = 35.11 \text{ m.p.h.}$ Same as silly

old Long Division.

Apart from the labour—look at the space, the paper, the ink we've saved! (The famous horse *Crepello*, by the way, if an old note in a diary can be trusted, did only 34.75 m.p.h.)

Now about (3) the OCEAN GREYHOUND—or HORSE

Turn to dear *Whitaker* again (page 611).

In 1938 the *Queen Mary* did her fastest Atlantic crossing—2938 sea miles in 3 days, 20 hours, 42 minutes. How fast is that?

Log. 2938 3.46805

Log. 92.7 hours 1.96708

$\frac{1.50097}{1.50097} = 31.69 \text{ miles per hour.}$

Ah, but these are *nautical* miles; and land, or statute, miles, by an absurd arrangement, are very much shorter. How many land miles is 31.69 sea miles? You think we're stuck, don't you? Not a bit. Good old *Whitaker* roars to the rescue as usual—though not, I see sadly, in the 1960 edition. On page 1178 (1959) you will see that 1 nautical mile equals 1.1515 land miles. So all we have to do is to multiply by 1.1515, that is to add the log of that to the log of 31.69.

Isn't it jolly?

$\frac{1.50097}{1.50097} = 31.69 \text{ nautical m.p.h. (or "knots").}$

Log. 1.1515 0.06108

$\frac{1.56205}{1.56205} = 36.48 \text{ land miles per hour.}$

(How sweetly simple! The operation is a positive pleasure. But what trouble the ordinary drill would have given you!)

But in 1952 the good ship *United States* did her fastest crossing (same distance—same way, Eastbound) in 3 days, 10 hours, and 40 minutes.

Log. 2938 miles 3.46805

Log. 82.66 hours 1.91730

$\frac{1.55075}{1.55075} = 35.54 \text{ sea miles per hour}$

Log. 1.1515 0.06108

$\frac{1.61183}{1.61183} = 40.91 \text{ land miles per hour}$

So the final parade is:

HORSE DERBY 35.11 land miles per hour

Queen Mary 36.48 " " " "

DOG DERBY 37.48 " " " "

United States 40.91 " " " "

and the title of Ocean Greyhound, we may conclude, is well chosen.

It is interesting to think that if the two great liners and the little greyhound were racing together along the "back stretch" of a "dog-track," the *United States* (at her top speed) would be well ahead of the dog, the *Queen Mary* just behind him. At their cruising speeds I fancy the dog would win; but I haven't got the facts.

Not that all this matters, my boy. But it shows you what fun you can have with logarithms. Fancy, in the Jet Age, making any poor boy do Long Division! Do not, by the way, suppose that they are one of our grand modern inventions. They were devised by a wizard called John Napier, and were published in 1614, three years before he died.

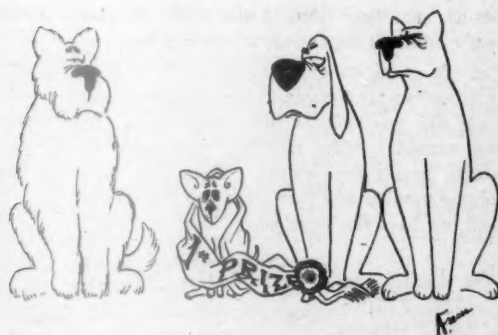
It would be interesting to know if any of these calculations are correct. One day you must check them for me.

It's a Tom

MILLIONS of words have been written

On Brigitte the famous sex kitten,
 But now that the kitten's a cat
 Will anyone dare to write that?

— J. B. B.





"What are we supposed to do—clap?"

All on a Winter's Day

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

FROM usually well-informed sources comes the news that a Chinaman, a Red Chinaman naturally, has started nineteen-sixty by doing a whole year's work in one day. Will you please read that again. *One day.* I am not sure what this fellow (Chang, shall we call him? No? I see—Ching then), what Ching was making or processing or flogging, but as a New Year's resolution successfully launched I rate his achievement distinctly alpha.

I gather that Ching's superb feat has not passed unnoticed in other lands. It certainly caused consternation at the Central Soviet chair-castor factory in Kiev, where workers have only recently broken free from the shackles forged by that man Stakhanov. (Stakhanov

was a pale precursor of Ching, and oddly enough I've forgotten now what *his* job was. Steel, I think. Anyway he achieved a week's output in less than two days.) Soviet workers, Mr. Khrushchev has said—much to the distaste of the Archbishop of Canterbury—have never had it so good. Income tax is being abolished, tea-breaks are being permitted, and there is no longer the death penalty for faulty filing or fettling, or for stacking one's bike in the rack reserved for commissars. And now comes Ching to make the menace of Red China seem *very* real.

As a result Russian economists have been working out long complicated sums beginning: "If one Chinaman working twenty-four hours a day can do a year's work in one day, and

the population of China at 650,000,000 is increasing at a rate of 30,000,000 a year, in how many days . . . ? A consensus of opinion at the Moscow Bureau of Weighted Statistics favours the view that China will overtake Russia in industrial production by 7.20 p.m. Eastern Time on February 5, and the World (excluding China) at or near the dawn of April 17. In view of all this Mr. Khrushchev is expected to address the Soviet Alliance of Ergonomic Economists, calling for a new Five-Day Plan. After his scalding attack on backsliding Siberian wheat farmers it is easy enough to guess what he will say. "Comrades! Our Chinese brothers whom we love only as Russians know how to love are our eternal allies. The glorious soviets of Comrade Mao

Man in Apron

by



Tse-tung are our near neighbours and between them and Communist Russia enmity is unthinkable and contrary even to the teachings of Stalin. We have a Russian saying: 'A friend with toothache is less amiable than a tame rabbit'—which though inferior in every way to the aphorisms of Confucius expresses quite accurately our warm feelings in this matter.

"We have no territorial claims on the glorious Chinese People's Republic and we invite its great leaders to join us in signing a ten-thousand-year pact of non-aggression and genial understanding. Meanwhile, we at home in Mother Russia must redouble our productive efforts and go on redoubling them to the power of eight or nine until we have earned the right to exist in the same world as the redoubtable Comrade Ching..." Something like that.

In Britain, on the other hand, Ching's burst of activity was greeted with derision. "Propaganda, mate!" said a man re-threading second-hand screws at a Dudley sweat-shop. "We demand a forty-hour week, and this is the reply trumped up by the newspaper lackeys of private enterprise capitalism. It's transparent. How could anybody do a year's work in a day? Take him that long to knock off all the shop stewards."

A union leader in a Nantwich rubber factory said "I fail to see how this concerns us in any way: we have no communists in our union branch. The Confederated Union of Rubber and Buna Workers will carry on as before."

"I don't know what the Chinaman's rates are," said a capstan-minder at Nuneaton, "but his overtime must have been pretty useful."

"Well, I don't know," said the



managing director of a Shropshire soft drinks plant. "Naturally we want the men to do a decent day's work for a decent day's pay, but this Chinese lark is going a bit far, eh! I mean, a twenty-four-hour day may be all right for manual workers—operatives you know—but I doubt whether management could stand it for long. It's not only the brain-fag: you've got to think of the old digestive tract. A business lunch is bad enough, old boy, but where should we be if there were business breakfasts



and business dinners too? Sheer hell! No, old boy, I'll sit this one out."

"China?" said an Irish stevedore from Runcorn Flats. "Isn't China the place in the frozen north where they're after having nights six months' long? Well, now, a six months' night means a six months' day by my reckoning, so what's so b—— marvellous after all at all?"

So far I have had no reactions from the U.S.A., except that there has been something of a slump on Wall Street.

America Day by Day

P. C. WODEHOUSE reports from New York

OVER here in these United States the man we all proudly greet at the moment is Raymond B. Umbaugh (pronounced, say sources close to him, like the sort of toot you get when you blow on a tuba), who has just come out with the Umbaugh Plan for "ever-mounting productivity to the golden age of private capital." This may seem a little vague to the lay mind, but the next words in his manifesto aren't, for he says he is going to get rid of personal income tax by 1963.

To do this it will be necessary to "elect the right man," and with this end in view he proposes to raise a war-chest of twenty million dollars for this year's elections to put in office a president, vice-president, ten United States senators, a hundred and six congressmen, and sixteen state governors who "espouse the Umbaugh principles." This ought not to be difficult. Everywhere I go I meet people who have been espousing them for years. The Umbaugh

Plan promises to provide for every family:

- Two cars
- A private 'plane
- Annual global vacation
- Television in every room
- Electronic kitchen
- Two homes—one for summer, one for winter

—and this, roughly, is what we all want, though I am not sure about that television in every room. Since they started having children do the commercials I have rather gone off television and am inclined of an evening to leave it lay, as the expression is, and curl up with a good book.

I disagree with these advertisers who have the idea that the public is more apt to buy a lotion for eradicating pimples if a frightful child with a squeaky voice comes on the screen and bellows "My daddy always uses Pimplo because it and it alone contains the analgesic X42." But this child exploitation is the latest craze in America, and one will

simply have to be patient till it blows over. The current plays, especially the musicals, are stiff with children these days. In the new Rodgers and Hammerstein opus, *The Sound of Music*, there are seven, and they are on stage practically all the time, and not only on stage but singing. It is as much as Mary Martin can do to get a high C in edgeways.

There is of course nothing new in this. Was it not Rosencrantz (Jeeves, my Bartlett's Familiar Quotations. Thank you, Jeeves). Was it not Rosencrantz who said to Hamlet "There is, sir, an airy of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question and are most tyrannically clap't for 't." What America needs is fewer and better eyases.

Talking of children, you will all be glad to hear that Connie Holland, ten, of Salem, Oregon, is on the mend and expects shortly to be back in mid-season form. For some little time now she has been the cause of a good deal of uneasiness to her nearest and dearest, who got the impression that there was a poltergeist in the home. "I wonder," Mr. Holland would say to Mrs. Holland, "if you have noticed an odd rattling noise around here these last weeks, rather like hail on the roof?"; and Mrs. Holland would say that she had just been going to ask him the same thing. Inquiry revealed that Connie had swallowed two hundred pebbles of varying sizes. She said they tasted "real good." It just shows that digestive organs trained to absorb American cereals can tackle anything.

Crime continues to be all the go in New York, and the zeal of the police force in combating it recently led to a rather peculiar situation and one which for some time had the authorities scratching their heads and wondering what to do for the best. There lives at 446 East 105 Street one Lawrence Bowman, a peddler by profession, who combines with a passion for selling water-melons a rugged distaste for spending any of his money on the conventional licence. The result was that two years ago an officer gave him a summons.

Well, that, you would have said, was that. Lawrence, you would have supposed, went to the court, paid his fine

and came away resolved to lead a better life in future. But no. These fellows who have got water-melon-selling in their blood have no time to waste going to courts, they are much too busy selling water-melons, and, to cut a long story short, what happened was that every time a policeman saw Lawrence selling water-melons he slapped a summons on him, and every time Lawrence got it he put it among his souvenirs and went on selling water-melons.

Something had to give. Eventually they got him into the Manhattan Arrest Court, and it was then necessary for forty-six policemen to appear simultaneously and give evidence against him.

"This is a waste of man-power up with which we will not put," said Deputy

Commissioner Walter Arm. "Let him come into court forty-six times, and we'll send one officer each time."

Finally it was decided that three would be sufficient to let Lawrence Bowman know where he got off, and the Force has settled down again to its customary calm, though still feeling a bit shaken. Lawrence, when last heard of, had gone back to selling water-melons.

While on the subject of crime we are informed by the *Argus* of West-hampton Beach, N.Y., that "a man is murdered every twelve minutes in America." It would be interesting to know who this man is, and one wonders if he does not sometimes feel that he is getting into a rut.



"Here are your rations for the trip—tomato soup, boiled beef and carrots, home-made apple pie, and the one on the end is toothpaste."

Scrapton in the Van!

WE are one hundred per cent behind Councillor White! Our Borough now has a Sports Stadium worthy of it and the new Swimming Baths with Museum Extension will soon be completed. If we are to keep in the lead we must stake a claim to a University. The time is rapidly approaching when the Borough that has no University will be suspected of having something undesirable about it. Let that never be thought of Scrapton!

We have the building capacity to provide what is needed in the way of classrooms, etc. It must not be forgotten that a Government grant will be available to cover most of the cost. The ratepayers' contribution will be indeed "a sprat to catch a mackerel." The site suggested is central to the main shopping area and to rail and bus transport. The chance of acquiring it from its present owners, The White Mfg. Coy, may not soon recur.

Grants

AT first it will provide a college education mainly for our own young people, whose parents will no longer need to send them away to spend their grants in other towns. Before long we shall be attracting students from other towns and their grants will be spent here.

Research of great value to local industries may well be carried on in the university's laboratories and the results would be freely available to the businessmen of the district. Councillor Green has said that the presence of the institution will represent a "real shot in the arm" for Scrapton.

Grass

ALTHOUGH we respect the sincerity of such opponents of the scheme as Councillor Howard, we feel he is living in a bygone age. He talks about living near grass and old buildings as part of education, regardless of the fact that looking out of the window never got a youngster a good job. We agree with him when he says that there must be new universities because there are so many teenagers who are capable of profiting from higher education and are not getting it. But where he goes wrong is in forgetting, for once, his civic patriotism.

The place where they are to be founded is not something to be decided by a committee of college teachers and research workers with an odd librarian thrown in; it is a matter for

the Borough with a wideawake Council.

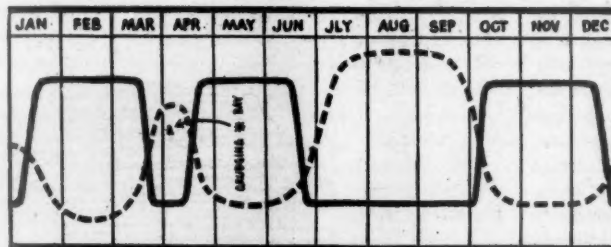
As the Mayor has said, we are all proud of Councillor Howard's idealism but we must be realistic. Rightly used, a university can bring great returns. To take only one point, the Managing Director of Green & Green has calculated that glazing alone, considering the

way colleges are built now, will provide months of work.

Griddle

SCRAPTON has long taken the lead in the county both in matters of civil engineering and in prestige activities like the acceptance of the Griddle legacy of works of art. Unless it is to be overtaken in the race it must keep up with the trend, and the trend to-day is—make no mistake about it—for boroughs with universities to look down on those without.

So forward to the next landmark in Scrapton's progress!



————— UNDERGRADUATE POPULATION ———— TOURISTS, CONVENTIONS, ETC.

What You Want To Know

Q. Grant or no grant, Scrapton University is obviously going to cost the ratepayer something. What sort of tangible return will he get?

A. Undergraduates are usually impoverished, but they have to live, and the Government gives them something to do this on. Thus they will spend money in Scrapton without adding to the employment problem. Further, the private citizen is not the only ratepayer. Jelliboy's Ltd. have calculated that they can found a Chair in Agglutination at less than a tenth of what a research department of their own would cost them.

Q. Are not "Rags" destructive and expensive occasions?

A. Not necessarily. At Doggerel University "Rags" are organized by a sub-committee of the Borough Council and sponsored by local merchants, with whom (look at the publicity!) these sprees are so popular that they now hold six a year and are finding it difficult to persuade enough students to perform.

Q. Is not the academic year, with its enormous "vacations," wasteful of accommodation?

A. Not necessarily. This aspect depends on the encouragement of our already expanding tourist trade. It has already been decided to move our colourful Grudging Day ceremony into April; our popular Publicity Officer has



A distinguished Working Party, Crs. White and Green, Miss Prullick, Capt. Pillgo-Tring, and Mrs. Wallaby (B.A.) lay the University foundation stones.

Not Marble



But a Gorgeous Monument!

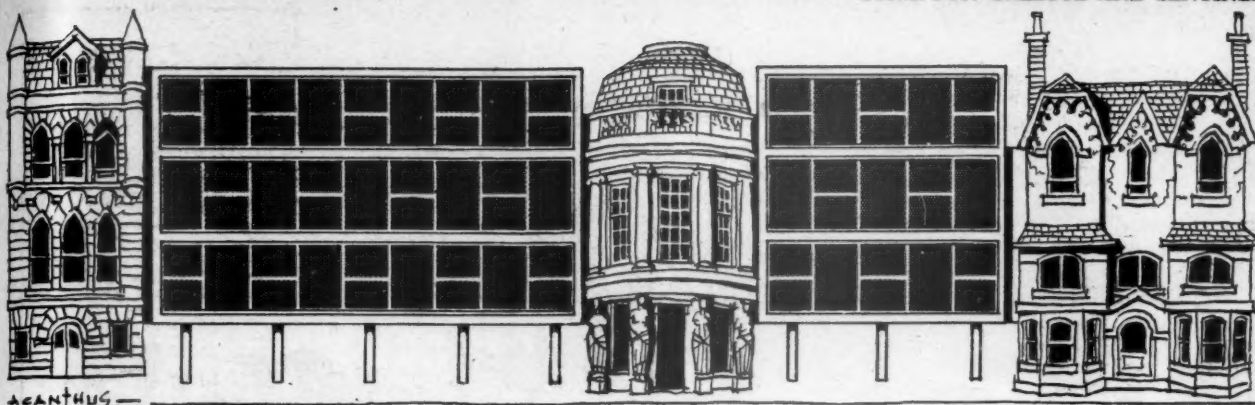
Every citizen of Scrapton is, in a way, a proud possessor of White House, the largest building in the Western Hemisphere to be devoted exclusively to the merchandizing of knobs, from knobs that can only be seen under a microscope to knobs that it takes three cranes to lift—a world-wide market, centred on Scrapton.

If you want knobs, you want White's!

persuaded several groups of manufacturers to hold a National Convention here during the next five years. The attached graph shows how the scheme will work.

Q. Will not the presence of a body of intellectuals demoralize the youth of Scrapton?

A. The danger exists. But not many undergraduates, and fewer dons, are really intellectuals, and those that are carry a considerable "Prestige" value. If the Council is, as it surely must be, represented on all selection boards, the danger should be kept within bounds.



INDUSTRY DUBIOUS

Top Jelly Man Speaks

THE university project was sharply criticized by Mr. Rufus Trumbull, dynamic 88-year-old managing director of Trumbull's Jellies (1780) Ltd. "A university?" he scoffed. "That'll mean a lot of young whelps tying corsets on old Sir Rufus's statue and poodle-faking in punts behind the tannery. Not to mention a lot of scruffy dons rushing off to London every week-end to pick up guineas on Brains Trusts. We can do without that."

"Never forget that the fortunes of this town are anchored firmly in jelly. It was jelly that gave us a horse trough in 1885 and a seat for six old people on Gibbet Hill in 1908. If we keep faith, jelly will some day give us a new slaughter-house. A university will not."

"I don't want young men who can tell me dirty stories in Greek. I want men who can go out and sell jelly—and if necessary eat it."

The *Gazette* representative reminded Mr. Trumbull that in recent years the town had become known as the Sheffield of the knob industry and that the leading knob designers favoured a university.

"Ridiculous!" exploded Mr. Trumbull. "This is a jelly town, first and foremost. I suppose those plastics fellows give university men cushy jobs in their laboratories, or writing advertisements. Do you know, a damn fool actually suggested that Trumbull's should have a laboratory to test their jelly. It's tested in the public stomach—that's good enough. As for advertising, my father wrote a better slogan than any of them—'There's nothing like Jelly to put in your Belly.' It still sells fifty million packets a year and we use it all over the world."

"How many more bed-knobs will they sell if they employ

graduates? Or television knobs? Or even knobs on flag-poles?"

"If this plan goes through, the way will be wide open for other parasitic bodies—a Chamber of Commerce and a Rotary Club, to name but two. Scrapton has no need of them. Good day to you, sir."

Slow Progress at Clegbridge

VISITORS to Clegbridge, writes Our Roving Reporter, will have little difficulty in recognizing the projected university as the old Clegbridge Tech. Despite some renaming of rooms the building looked just the same as it has done for many years. Unlike Scrapton, Clegbridge is not building a Senate House. However, honorary degrees are to be conferred and a sub-committee is busy trying to wheedle various personalities into inserting Graduation Day in their engagement-books. A shed—one can hardly call it anything grander—has been erected at the back of the bicycle park to take any overflow from the cafeteria that may be caused by an influx of students, though there is no sign of it at the moment. The only other change I noticed was that Heads of Departments are already calling themselves Professors and, yes, all collections on Students' Rag Day will in future be silver collections.

When one thinks of Scrapton's plans for mosaics in the Vice-Chancellor's Office, the portico that will mask the Faculty of Civic Art, and the aldermanic statues planned for the Students' Rec, one begins to wonder whether the good folk of Clegbridge do not have quite a bit to learn from us.

Architect's rendering showing how the university site will utilize and preserve existing architecture while calling on the full range of modern building techniques. On the right, Mon Repos Temperance Hotel and future Department of Human Sciences. On the left, Ventnor, destined for the University Registry. Centre, the Ceremonial Entrance, once the "old" Town Hall.

READERS WRITE

SIR,—If it had not been for the establishment of a university at Cambridge in the twelfth century the place might have remained to this day a backward Saxon settlement on the edge of the Fens: charming, no doubt, but offering little encouragement to Industry. As it is, thanks to the far-sightedness of such people as Henry III, Cambridge to-day has several thriving iron and brass foundries.

Your obdt. servant,
R. CRUMBLEHULME

(Sir)
Chairman, Scrapton Brewery Co. Ltd.

DEAR SIR,—I and my friends wish to reply to the old fogies who have been writing in saying we do not want a university in Scrapton. Scrapton is dead after ten p.m., and you get tired of being in coffee bars when you could be in his rooms with some nice young man in a mortarboard,

discussing about J. B. Priestley or Tennyson and other things. It would broaden our minds, and give us a rest from the telly. What is the harm in climbing up spires and putting things on top? The boys are all stick-in-the-muds here, and do not even get hold of your elbow when you get off a bus.

Yours sincerely,
DAWN LUBBOCK (Miss)

SIR,—I take a very wide view of this subject. Every town of over 10,000 inhabitants should have its own university. Then our young people could complete their education without leaving home and losing the benefits of parental control and jurisdiction during their most impressionable years. In this way all revolutionary tendencies could be stamped out in their early stages, and England could take her place once again among the great nations of the world.

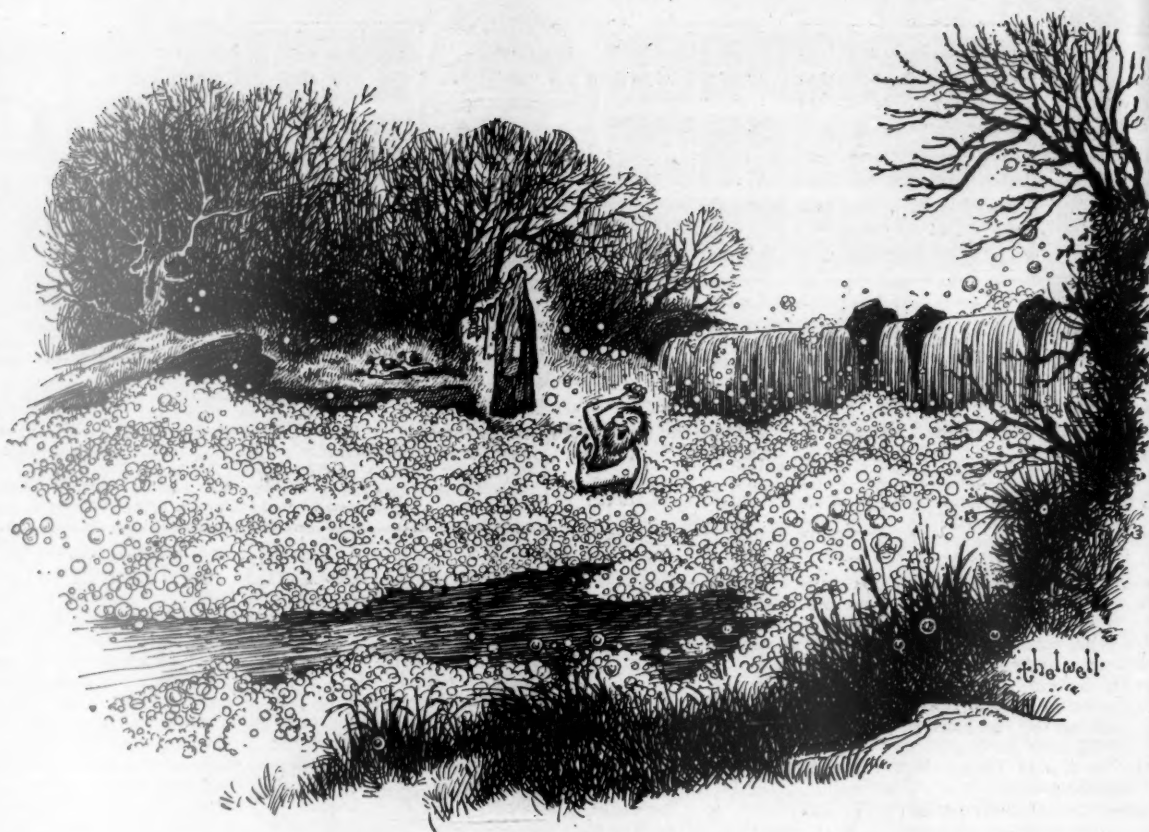
Yours etc.,
P. D. K. (Mr.)

SIR,—Personally I cannot see the sense in attracting to Scrapton a lot of young people with no money to spend except on such trivia as books or gaudy ties. Furthermore, Canal Road is already a bottleneck of a Saturday afternoon, without a lot of bikes joining in as well. It is just short-sightedness, and I blame the Council. Our tradespeople have been crying out for a dog-track for many a long day. There's your answer.

Yours truly,
B. GLABFORTH



Proposed adaptation of the Scrapton Coat-of-Arms suitable to the town's university status.



No Subways for the Wicked

By E. S. TURNER

IT is said that many of the traffic problems which Mr. Ernest Marples is tackling in London should have been tackled a hundred years ago. What, then, were the traffic experts of London doing a hundred years ago? The answer, as one might expect, is that they were contemplating the problems which should have been faced a hundred years before that.

In a sentence, the situation in the 1860s was this: throughout the City proper, traffic could not move at all, but in the rest of London it moved too fast for safety. If a Pink Zone was needed it was in the chaotic area round Cannon Street, where the experts even then were calling for staggering of working hours, the use of traffic wardens to help the police, and more circuses, or roundabouts. They were also calling for fewer sandwichmen (who frightened horses), the

breaking up of groups of betting men, and the dispersal, chiefly on grounds of obstruction, of men handing out indecent leaflets.

The Commissioner of Police for the City had to reckon with merchant princes like Samuel Travers, whose vans totally blocked St. Swithin's Lane for an average of eight hours thirty minutes every working day. He told a Select Committee he saw nothing wrong in this, because he was helping to feed the public belly, and the purpose of streets after all was to provide for the loading and unloading of goods. "You find it difficult to separate the public interest from your own?" he was asked; and he replied "They are identical, of course." A suggestion that he should knock down some of his property to provide loading bays he dismissed as "an imbecility." His firm had been

summoned many times for obstruction, but the Queen's Bench, whither it had confidently carried an appeal, had been unable to agree on what was a reasonable time for loading and unloading a vehicle. The City Aldermen bore some animus against Mr. Travers, but he did not know why.

The City at this time had four hundred and forty streets. Of these, one hundred and one had no exit, one hundred and eleven took only a single line of traffic and could be blocked by a wheelbarrow, one hundred and one took two lines of traffic and could be blocked by one vehicle, and seventy had room for more than two lines of vehicles. Certain properties were so old that an overwide load of hops could carry away their gables.

Each day, according to a police census, nearly 60,000 vehicles entered

the City. A major problem was that of the cabmen, who transported "an enormous number" of gentlemen from the suburbs each morning. After setting down their passengers the lucky few found places on the cab-stands; the others, for whom there was no provision, prowled round looking for fares, which was illegal. Many of them left the City in the middle of the day to obstruct the West End, then returned later in the afternoon.

Mr. Marples, who hopes to go down in history as the man who stopped taxi-drivers making U-turns, might like to know what Colonel J. Fraser, Commissioner of Police in the City, said of cabmen in 1863:

"They are a source of obstruction constantly, because they not only crawl about the streets . . . but wherever they get a fare they turn round in a crowded street and stop the traffic altogether until the horse's head is in the direction the man wishes to go."

Prowling cabmen were summoned in droves. One magistrate, who admitted that he liked to be able to jump into a passing cab, fined them one penny each. As the police saw it, the difficulty could be solved only by creating more cab-stands, but any proposal to do so was vigorously blocked, especially in those residential districts where cabs were most needed. The dwellers in Eaton Square said a cab-stand would distress ladies using the gardens.

Other road users unloved by authority were the drivers of railway vehicles who had taken to urging their three-horse vehicles at a rapid trot and were not always able to pull them up; for this reason the police urged that boys of fifteen and sixteen should not be employed as drivers. Butchers' carts were piloted with such élan that the police distributed cautionary leaflets among the drivers. According to Henry Browne, Principal Surveyor of the Metropolitan Roads Board, "Of all the reckless and foul drivers, perhaps an omnibus driver is the worst." The bus driver relied on the size of his vehicle to give him priority; he stopped in the middle of a busy road to unload passengers rather than pull in and let a rival omnibus overtake; and his vehicle was constantly causing an obstruction by stopping to collect parcels.

In the more congested areas the police would order drivers to take

alternative routes. "And people obey your policemen?" a member of the Police Committee was asked. "Usually," was the reply. "Have you ever had a man disobey?"—"Yes, frequently." Whether a man was prosecuted seems to have depended on how obscenely he expressed his refusal.

Proposals were often made for building bridges or subways for pedestrians; but Colonel Fraser, who knew his Londoners, said these would be used for improper purposes and it would be necessary to have a constable in each one. At the busiest crossings, both in the City and the West End, policemen held up the traffic from time to time for pedestrians, but no more frequently than they could help.

Elsewhere, constables on the beat had instructions to halt the traffic when they saw enough agitated females threatening self-immolation. It was a hazardous undertaking both for the policeman and his flock. In an emergency hansom cabs could pull up very quickly, but the drivers did not care to risk their horses

in doing so. As the prosecutor at Marlborough Street said, many cabmen appeared to think that people crossing the street were committing an offence and thus saw no reason to reduce speed.

In Regent Street the kerbs were usually lined with the parked carriages of shoppers (though the word "park" was not yet used). No omnibus could pull in to the kerb even if the driver was so eccentric as to wish to do so. Ladies descending from omnibuses picked their way through traffic and dung, and then reached the pavement under the rearing heads of large-toothed horses.

To-day the area covered by a street accident is usually small. We have forgotten that in our fathers' day, when two vehicles collided, the horses, provided they were not impaled, would take fright and bolt. The policeman who investigated the mishap might have to traipse over half a mile of thoroughfares, noting particulars here of a swooning female, there of a shattered gig, and elsewhere of a capsized apple stall or a string of broken windows. To



be able to stop a bolting horse by leaping for the reins was a sign of manhood. Modern traffic has robbed us of the opportunity for such displays of gallantry.

From violent collisions charges of "furious" driving often ensued. Lawyers may not like the word "furious," but it well described the behaviour of half-drunken, or wholly drunken, coachmen and cabmen, many of whom seem to have had more than their share of elemental viciousness. Called upon to halt after an accident, they would laugh, wave their whips defiantly, and lash on their horses. In Lambeth a coachman who, while travelling at more than ten miles an hour, ran over a Scripture reader said to his victim, "You white-choked old humbug, I did drive over you and a good job if it had killed you."

Sir Richard Mayne, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, thought it was impossible to regulate the speed of traffic. "People will not submit to that, and besides, what is reasonable in one place would be unreasonable in another." He said he was considering a suggestion for slowing traffic near crossings: a policeman would pull a wire and operate signal arms on lamp-posts.

Sir Richard had other ideas, one of which was that congestion might be

reduced if coals were delivered at night. He saw no reason why residents should not leave their coal-holes uncovered in the hours of darkness, though he added: "I wish that the areas were better protected."

In London, steam vehicles, notably road rollers, were a familiar sight, and all but nervous horses accepted them, as they accepted the less grotesque sandwichmen. In the country, where it was still an offence to build such alarming objects as windmills near a highway, untrained horses often shied at the approach of a mechanical monster. They would have shied equally at the red flag held by the man preceding it if the red flag had not been grimy black and wrapped round its staff. There was still much prejudice against the use of steam vehicles on the highways. Horses

were a nuisance, but they did not vent steam and excrete hot coals.

Nor were steam vehicles the only objects of prejudice. At Lambeth, in 1870, a boy was charged with riding a velocipede on a Sunday. He had been unable to control it properly and it had mounted the pavement. The magistrate said that these new-fangled things were a great nuisance, and that people who wanted to practise on them should do so in private, and not on Sundays. The offender was fined two shillings, with costs.

☆

"REQUIRED, Furnished Cottage or Bungalow on bus route. Reasonable rent. Approximately two months. Minister recovering from illness and wife."

Christian World

Get well soon.

Blithe Newcomer

DEAR MR. CARLETON GREENE,—I expect you've had plenty of letters telling you what to do with the B.B.C., but they will chiefly be from listeners with pet prejudices, who don't realize that when Victor Sylvester stumbles through the names and addresses of eleven Nigerians before playing *After You've Gone* it's because lots of other listeners like it that way . . . and from equally cranky viewers, who can't see that when a news-reader says "Hello, there!" with quizzical matching eyebrows, the people in the rest of the street hardly feel sick at all.

What I'm writing to say is that I hope you're going to have a policy for performers. They are, after all, a vital component in many programmes, though you mightn't think so to see the sort of dance they're led, particularly on **Television**, which I may as well deal with first. I speak, in the main, on behalf of the infrequent performer, the man who, finding he has five minutes before transmission, leaves the studio and spends four of them rushing up and down the corridors of Lime Grove looking for a Gents, and then only finds one with a plank across the door with **CLOSED** chalked on it and a man inside swabbing down and polishing brass.

The trouble with television is that its

technicians are drunk with technique. Their job, I quite see, is to get the performer on the screen, and I suppose it's too much to expect them to care what he looks like, let alone feels like, when he gets there. If you've ever been hired to tell a TV story, and found the cameraman photographing the chair you're to sit in without even noticing that you aren't sitting in it (admittedly, in rehearsal only—but what sort of a rehearsal's that?), you'll understand the high-handed attitude taken to mere flesh and blood. Actually, it's only lucky performers who get chairs, though the first one I ever got measured a yard and a half from front to rear and when I sat in it I disappeared down the crack at the back. This makes things difficult when you've planned to strike a pretty elegant pose, with an ankle cocked up on the other knee and a faint plume of cigarette smoke rising from confidently smiling lips . . . but not as difficult as the little three-legged stools they give you where you vibrate rhythmically all the time because your legs are bicycling madly, trying to find a rung to hitch a heel on. Speaking as a viewer (who only views from the waist up and doesn't know why the chap's vibrating) I'm still hoping that someone will fall off one of these stools and roll through the back-cloth . . . which



"This time keep off politics, religion and family planning."

in my case always seems to consist of a silhouette of a rubber-plant on butter-muslin. Silhouetted rubber-plants are not, frankly, me, and if I were consulted I should say so.

More information would be helpful. Who are the four men in caps who sit on a disused camera in the far corner of the studio and don't know, when questioned, where the producer is, who the director is, when you'll be wanted, or whether you can smoke? The inexperienced performer, with nothing much to guide him but a sheet of yellow foolscap saying things like "Fade Up Telecine," "Intercutting with 2, 1 to change lens," and "GRAMS: 'Homage to Smetana,'" is naturally avid for a few hints on procedure. Purely elementary facts would be something. "Are you my camera?" he says idiotically to the nearest machine, but the driver's eyes swivel sideways to a secret message in his headphones, and he suddenly turns in his own length and zooms off, making tic-tac signals to a girl in a tightish two-piece who seems to be arranging mixing-bowls for a cookery demonstration.

Those headphones are half the trouble, in my view. They give the performer a sense of exclusion from secret rites; he feels like a missionary destined for the cannibal pot, aware that incomprehensible ceremonies concern him closely, but somehow feeling out of things, though so shortly to be into them. This, in my view, and I hope in yours, fails to make for polish in transmission, and accounts in some part for later remarks of my loyal viewing friends, who tell me that my tie was under one ear, my glasses steamed up and my shave beginning to age, but that otherwise I looked like Hitler.

My suggestions for a new deal for **Sound** radio performers get proportionately less space, as in the Sunday papers. In fact they can be boiled down to one. Not enough gin. If I seem to have been ungracious about television conditions let me make some amends at once by applauding the standard of hospitality prevailing in W.12. The TV victim needs a drink, heaven knows, and he gets one. But the Sound, steam or blind broadcaster needs one even more, and it is only the old-established producer in good standing who dares to knock on the door of the little ground-floor room in Broadcasting House and



beg the Duty Officer, in an interval between receiving complaining telephone calls from captious grammarians, to uncork a healing flask. The faceless voice in W.1, alone in his soundproofed cell, his producer and studio-manager conferring in a fishlike hush behind plate-glass until the dreadful "We go ahead in ten seconds from . . . now," feels a paralysing weight of unseen ears. Who cares that, in these TV days, there may be only a couple of hundred thousand pairs? They weigh quite heavily enough. One thing at least about the TV studio is that when you look round at what's going on you can't believe that the programme will be got out at all; certainly not beyond an immediate audience of thirty-two technicians on the floor. And even they are considerate enough to behave as if you weren't there.

In conclusion, sir, may I wish you great success and happiness in your work, and look forward to any pronouncements you care to make on the matters raised? Should these take the form of transmissions in person on either the Home Service or Channel One you will have at least one sympathetic listener and viewer in

Yours, etc.,

J. B. BOOTHROYD

Glow, Lovely Rose

A Japanese botanist has produced a new strain of rose, glossy-petalled and vermillion, and said to be distinctly luminous.

BESIDE what far
Ornate pavilion
Blossoms this rose,
By day vermillion,
But glowing, when flowers
For the most part close,
Through the small hours
A petalled star?

*An achievement not
To be taken lightly
But—you know what?—
It's unnerving, slightly.*

No garden grows
Now quite as it was for us.
("My love is like
Vermilion phosphorus . . .")
But beyond Hong Kong
There's a medal to strike;
He has earned a gong
With a luminous rose!

*What a triumph that was!
Even, in fact, if
It shines because
It is radioactive.*

— PETER DICKINSON

Representing the Ultimate

By H. F. ELLIS

Report of a short visit to H.M.S. Tiger at Portsmouth

"GOOD evening, Chief!"

The wisest plan on this cruiser—in this cruiser—is to call anyone Chief who is not flagrantly a Lieutenant-Commander, as most of them are. Of course there must be scores of Lieutenants—twenty-six in fact are listed, including a Lieutenant (SD) (G) (G) and a Lieutenant (SD) (G) (g) which gives an idea of the lengths to which specialization has gone*—but one does not see them about so

*To give an idea of the lengths to which specialization has *not* gone, the duties of Lt. (SD) (G) (G) include Fire Control, Photography and Recognition. He is also QO (IP) Divisional Officer and Wardroom Mineral Caterer.

much. Perhaps they are working. Lieutenant-Commanders and Chiefs have naturally reached an age and rank at which they . . .

"Sorry to bother you, Lieutenant-Commander, when you must be busy, but the fact is I'm looking for my cabin which ought to be *up* two ladders and along, whereas the only ladders I can find go *down* and then out. There was a wicker wastepaper basket outside it and a notice saying 'Electrical Space' . . . Oh, I see. Thank you."

There is no need to be ashamed of a momentary loss of one's sense of direction in this ship. Her hull was laid down at the end of the last war, and for

over thirteen years experts of one kind and another (gunnery, radar, electrical, radio, engineering, anti-atomic, cooking, laundering, sixpence-in-the-slot, and just plain designers of lumps of metal) have been thinking up things to put in her. The result is she is now full. Indeed she is brimming. When they had filled her up to maindeck level there was still such a pile of stuff to be got in that Messrs. John Brown had to build on a whole series of extra decks, towers, block-houses, outhouses and other obstructions, with the result that there is no place on board where one can stand off and see the ship as a whole. It is useless to pop out into the open air with the idea of getting port and starboard sorted out, as one can do on an aircraft carrier, for instance, because as likely as not you will find yourself in a kind of metal cul-de-sac and nowhere to go but up a ladder leading to a small decklet from which the only exit is a narrow doorway—and there you are inside again, with three hundred and fifty electric cables swarming along just overhead and a fat, jolly-looking man entirely filling the remaining . . .

"Good morning, Chief! I suppose you haven't seen Commander (S), who is in charge of records and pay, writes fifty letters a day, serves two thousand cooked meals, keeps three hundred different kinds of clothing in store plus two hundred thousand items of equipment and spares, each one of which must be readily available?"

Among the many kindnesses shown to her visitors by H.M.S. *Tiger* was the provision of a brochure on the equipment and running of the ship, quotations from which may from time to time slip into this account. One thing the brochure makes clear is that Commander (S) is far too busy a man to have found time to write it himself.

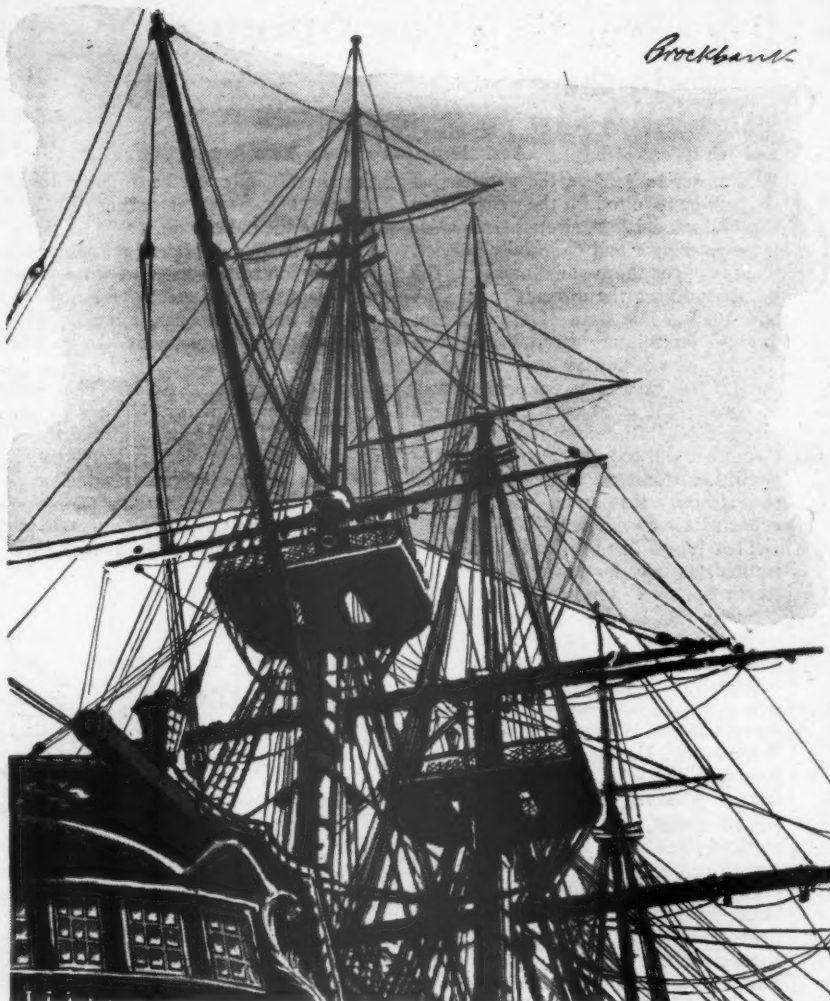
H.M.S. *Tiger*, together with her sister ships *Lion* and *Blake*, now building, is likely, they say, to be the last of the gun-ships. Guided missiles are now the thing. If so, if the two twin six-inch and three twin three-inch turrets represent the last of the long line of naval cannon that reaches back



(effectively) to Henry VIII and the *Great Harry*—or, if you prefer it, to the same king's *Tiger*, first recorded ship of that name, built at Deptford in 1546—they are not unworthy of the honour. Gunners of the last war who humped 3-inch A.A. ammunition about will remember that a round of that calibre is not exactly a featherweight. The *Tiger*'s 3-inch guns hurl these trifles out at a rate of 120 rounds a minute, which (apart from the really beautiful fully automatic load-ram-fire-eject system) represents quite a problem of continuous supply when it is remembered that somewhere along the line the hustling rounds must be transferred from static racks into a turret traversing at the high speeds necessary to cope with modern aircraft. Even more impressive are the six-inch guns, also dual-purpose, which combine an astonishingly high rate of fire with a whiplashiness altogether out of place in such massive affairs. Normally, each of the five gun turrets has its own separate fire control system, trains and engages by automatic radar control, and is actually fired by a man sitting far off in what looks like the inside of a 240-inch TV set, with a bank of buttons, switches, and red and green bulbs in front of him. "H.M.S. *Tiger*", says the brochure, with some reason, "represents the ultimate in conventional gun-armed cruisers."

Her aerial array is as fine a collection of dustbin lids, bedstead knobs and parallel bars as you could wish to see, and makes an interesting comparison with the top-hamper of the *Victory*, clearly visible from Pitch House Jetty where the *Tiger* is (or was) lying. It seems to have been the fate of warships for centuries to carry lofty accumulations of vital equipment simply asking to be shot away. But what is the poor naval designer to do? He can hardly expect the Captain to be satisfied with indoor aerials when even the housewives of Battersea regard them as falling short of operational requirements.

And talking of design, one can't spend two minutes in the forward engine-room without reflecting what a moment that must be, at the drawing-board stage, when somebody says "That's it! That's the way it ought to go." Standing amidst this orderly, remarkably clean, not unpleasantly warm confusion, one can see that the turbines had to go *here*



and *here*, and that in consequence the generators (if that is what they are) must be *there* and *there*, while banks of quivering dials would naturally be wanted there, there, there and there. This leaves the corners free for inexplicable pieces of machinery, hissing quietly to themselves, which perhaps heat the Captain's bath-water. But all those lagged pipes, as thick as beech-boles! Who made the final decision that this one, three foot across if it's an inch, should make a sudden turn to port on meeting another bigger than itself, swerve upwards to avoid a couple no thicker than anacondas, cling momentarily to the ceiling and then disappear with a convulsive writhe behind a rough copy of the Laocoön executed by Henry Moore? Suppose, instead, that

these four here had been lashed together and taken straight along behind the one that . . . No, because in that case, the pipe that comes out of the . . . Or you could shift the starboard turbines a couple of feet . . .

Commander (E), a powerful and likeable personality in a spotless white silk shirt, came over and roared into our ears that if there was anything we wanted to know we had only to ask. "About these pipes," I shouted. "If you were to perm those six . . ." But some minor hitch had arisen in the boiler-room, and he had to go.

The question whether H.M.S. *Tiger* would be any actual *use* in a nuclear war is not of any great importance. If the point is ever settled, who will be around to care?

In the



City

And then there were Two

IN order to achieve the speeds that will be required for their survival in the 1960s and 1970s, aircraft companies must get bigger and financially heavier. That has been the lesson dinned into the industry during the difficult years 1958 and 1959. The days of Government largesse on military aircraft are over. The industry is now virtually out on its own; it will have to be powerful as well as clever if it is to compete with the giants of the American industry, with those that will soon be sprouting in the European Common Market, and with the aircraft that may one day be exported by Soviet Russia.

That lesson has been well and truly learned, as may be gathered from the recent spate of amalgamations. The diversity that used to enliven the runways and exhibition tents at the Farnborough Airshow has been sternly, even ruthlessly, rationalized. There are now only two major groups of airframe manufacturers. One is the Hawker Siddeley, de Havilland and Blackburn combine. The other is the more recently formed Vickers, English Electric and Bristol group, in which the relative participations are to be as to 40, 40, 20 respectively.

Outside this lies the helicopter group built around Westland, to which the Bristol helicopter interests have been transferred and which can claim to be Europe's largest. To complete this greatly simplified picture of the British aircraft industry there are two main engine manufacturers, Rolls Royce and Bristol-Siddeley Engines, and finally a few relatively small firms still fighting for their independence but fighting with the odds against them.

These marriages, conducted under the shotgun held by Mr. Duncan Sandys, would unquestionably rank for inclusion among the company alliances defined as fair and seemly by Mr. Anthony Tuke in his recent address to the shareholders of Barclays Bank. In these annual statements Mr. Tuke usually lays about him with cultured wit and decisiveness and on this occasion he was in particularly good form in his onslaught on take-overs. His introductory reference to "an epidemic of take-over bids" showed unmistakably where he stands in this matter. He is not opposed to amalgamations—indeed where would Barclays Bank, as well as

the aircraft industry, be to-day without them? His wrath is rather directed against "the mere financier" who, going over the heads of the board of a company, secures control in order to wind it up and dispose of the assets "for his own profit," which, says Mr. Tuke, is by no means synonymous with the public interest.

In such cases Barclays' chairman would have no mercy. The City, he says, should apply its own sanctions, and "where any unpleasant smell, which in truth is usually recognizable, surrounds any particular transaction, no financial support of any kind should be given to it, even though it means

turning aside business which is both safe and profitable. In nine cases out of ten, that will kill it."

Mr. Tuke has other criteria than his sense of smell to detect the good and bad take-over. A distinction should be drawn, he feels, between the amalgamation of two or more kindred businesses and the grouping of completely dissimilar businesses. In the latter case closer investigation is needed. We have certainly seen some odd marriages and proposals of late, as for example, between shoes and ships (both in the Walrus's address to the oysters), soft drinks and jams, beer and sweets, rayon and paint, fertilizers and tinned soups.

That magic word "diversification" will make many of them pass muster, but there are limits beyond which the process could easily degenerate into muddled inefficiency. "It is all very difficult," says Mr. Tuke, and we may perhaps leave it at that.

—LOMBARD LANE

In the



Country

Grey Squirrels

ABOUT two years ago the Forestry Commission abolished the bonus of 2s. paid on every grey squirrel's tail handed in. They thought they could rely on the good sense of the public to continue to keep down this pest. They were wrong. Since then there is little doubt that grey squirrels have increased in number.

Call them "tree-rats" if you wish. They are not, in fact, anything of the sort. Originally they were an import from the United States. The first introduction seems to have been in 1876, but it was left to the enterprising family at Woburn to give them a real start a few years later. They have never looked back. At first they spread only to the west. Were they trying to get back to America as quickly as possible? A more likely explanation is that, coming from the east coast of America, they inherited the trait to spread westward.

Whether or not they have ousted our native red squirrel is a moot point. It looks like it and whereas anybody talking about a squirrel forty years ago was referring to a red one, to-day they would be complaining about the damage caused by grey squirrels. Foresters were about the only people averse to the red squirrel. The grey one is No. 3 in

The Rogues' Gallery at the Ministry of Agriculture.

Unfortunately there are plenty of people, especially around the outskirts of big cities, who are prepared to feed and encourage them. If you see a photograph in the paper of a grey squirrel which is being kept as a pet, there should be a policeman round there straight away to say that the law is being broken. Farmers and gamekeepers are busy keeping them down, but about the only other people are the optimistic individuals who are saving the tails in the firm belief that the bonus will be reintroduced.

Except in Scotland, where there are not enough to make much difference anyway, you are not allowed to poison them—all because they are not "small ground vermin." You can poison rats to your heart's content, and good luck to you, but lose your eggs from the hen-run to grey squirrels or, later, see them eating the fruit, and you will have to get out the gun or use one of the new humane traps.

About the only thing in favour of grey squirrels is that they are very good to eat, either fried or broiled. And yet I don't suppose that you have ever wittingly eaten one. Nor, to tell the truth, have I.

—JOHN GASELEE

Toby Competitions

No. 97—Definitely

EVERYONE has his most-loathed phrase, e.g. "What have you," "Couldn't care less," "Haven't a clue." Construct a conversational question and answer in which the reply works in one or more such unfavourable clichés as inappropriately as possible. If more convenient, a remark and comment may serve as well as question and answer. The briefer the better.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive a book token to the value of one guinea. Entries by first post on Friday, January 29, to TOBY COMPETITION No. 97, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 94 (Relax, Boy)

An extract from a juvenile psychiatrist's case-book was asked for. The contents of an American juvenile psychiatry kit were outlined to show that the psychiatrist was a juvenile, but some competitors assumed that the psychiatrist was analysing a juvenile. Some bad spelling was overdone to such an extent that it was difficult to grasp what was meant.

The winner is:

G. A. COWLEY,
ASTON SOMERVILLE,
NR. BROADWAY,
WORCS.

Chuesday, January 5th. Tommy fell on his head yesterday and when he got up he said he was only half full and kept on trying to unscrew his ears. I tried shock treatment by hitting him on the head with a brik and when the blood had stopt running out of his ears he said he didn't feel very well and he said he was sure he'd been born before and that after he was dead he'd been born again and he said the thort frightened him. I told him he was being silly and he asked me to prove that he was wrong and I couldn't so I tried to anlise him and I asked him what word "space" made him think of and he thort for a long time and then he said "nothing" and so I hit him with my brik again. He's ever so ill to-day.

Runners-up:

Jan. 1st. I am terribly worried about Mummy. She has a clear strong emotional fixation on Daddy. I gave her a consultation to-day, although she was unaware of this, and tried to suggest alternatives like the milkman and that young architect down the road with the TR 3. But she became violent, so I made an excuse and went back to homework.

Jan. 3rd. Consulted fellow professional men at school, but they are unable to suggest anything. Their mothers are all normal and have fixations on men like Russ Conway and the man next door.

Jan. 4th. Worse still. Consultation with Daddy under pretext of requesting more pocket money. Incredible as it may seem, he has similar emotional fixation on Mummy. I begin to have qualms. If my parents are so abnormal, am I normal myself?

Jan. 7th. Even "Tubs" Prentice (Owns 19/11 set), who confirms my diagnosis, is unable to propose treatment. Writing to-day to makers for a specialist. A great worry, but this unique case is certain to make medical history. "Tubs" says I am quite normal.—E. O. Parrott, 47 Daver Court, Chelsea Manor Street, S.W.3

One summer's day I threw a stick into the flowerbed for our dog: the delighted St. Bernard leaped in after it, decapitating all Father's gladioli. After several minutes digging and scrummaging it emerged, holding the stick triumphantly between his teeth, and a laurel of flowers around his head. Father, guessing the cause of the commotion, thundered into the garden after me. Having hastily consulted my Psychiatric Manual, I found him to be suffering from *Ira Vulgaris* (symptoms: reddening of face, frothing at mouth, and a general tendency to use words beginning with "B"). "The cure for this," the book said, "is a long, cool drink." As Father was rapidly approaching, and the nearest thing to a long, cool drink was the garden hose, I directed that towards Father's mouth. It obviously did not have the desired effect. Hence I am forced to put Father down on the list of "INCURABLES."—Peter Brandon, 3 Ashley Lane, Hendon, N.W.4

Dec. 1st. Deirdre was in a highly nervous condition, having spilt Mother's favourite perfume, an obvious case of anxiety neurosis. I

gave her a tranquillizer. As I was consulting my glossary, however, the greedy little beast pinched a whole handful of tranquillizers. I told her all about herself, without the help of the glossary.

Dec. 3rd. Jill described a dream in which lots of good things were placed before her, but her hands were tied behind her back. I explained that this meant that inhibitions and grown-ups spoil children's enjoyment of life.

Dec. 4th. I don't think Dad was frank about his early years.

Dec. 7th. I took the tranquillizers to school. When teacher found bubble-gum in his register I offered him a tablet. He gave me 200 lines.—J. P. Pinel, 67 Horn Park Lane, Lee, London, S.E.12

I spotted Snafre as a maladjusted persecution complex the moment I saw him. I set up the ironing-board and talked him into lying down on it—I'm bigger than he is. Then I told him to close his eyes and start dreaming. Five minutes later I asked him how he was getting on and he said that he couldn't get to sleep. I knew then that he needed some tranquillizers. He was getting restless so I told him to fold his arms behind him under the board. Then I kicked the folding legs shut. It was for his own good. I sat on his chest and wedged his mouth open with the empty bottle of tranquillizers. Luckily I'd remembered to borrow some pills from the medicine cupboard as I'd already eaten all the sweets. I don't know what Snafre dreamed about because I've been forbidden to visit him any more.—R. G. R. Marsden, Holly Tree Farm, Kindford, Billingshurst, W. Sussex

THEN AS NOW

Charles Keene, despite his passionate interest in drawing, was content to get most of his jokes from his friends.



PARRIED.

Faustian Parson (to Parishioner, who is not believed to be a rigid Abolitionist).
"Ah, Mr. Brown! Fools stand in slippery places, I've heard!"
Mr. Brown (the footpath was in a frightful state). "So I see, Sir; but I'm blest if I can!"

February 1 1879

It's in the Bag

I HAVE always been a bag addict. Doubtless there is some alarming Freudian explanation for it, but mine is simple. I would be lost without one, for how else can one lump around the accoutrements of female behaviour or the domestic bric-à-brac that attaches to shop-hopping?

Harking back, I can remember my earliest bag—a small black, sateen one pinned to my school knickers, and a permanent receptacle for items of the forbidden variety such as penknives, nut toffees, love letters, signs of the Zodiac in brooch form and a red-covered autograph album awaiting a chance to beard the Games Mistress.

It was the wrong sort to dance in, especially when we did the tragic Greek stuff, for while the others glided smoothly and smugly past the improvised altar, my lumpish approach was heralded by a clackety-clack and a crunch-rustle-bumpety. But that was a long time ago and if the accompanying noises have only slightly diminished, the bags have certainly become vastly more commodious and conspicuous.

I have run through the whole gamut of baggery and still perfection eludes me. I have graduated from purse to pochette, and from brief to bucket. And discarded along the line are the lesser breeds of Dorothy, shoulder, carrier and string. I have even given a thought to golf, mail and laundry; but it was a passing thought, abandoned as unrealistic.

There was an unforgettable time when I tried to be bagless. Whittling my portables down to the meanest essentials, I put my keys in one pocket, my loose change in the other, a lipstick down my stocking and a handkerchief up my jumper. It was a poor sort of scheme. I lost the lipstick through a hole and blew my nose on my petticoat. The keys and loose change wore their way through my coat lining and lodged in the fluff at the hemline; and I permanently antagonized a Number 9 bus conductor as, bent to the shape of a Millet gleaner, I blocked his standing-room-only from Piccadilly to Kensington High Street in an effort to retrieve enough pennies to pay for the ride.

I think my latest has the edge on the rest. It is a huge, square, straw

FOR
WOMEN



shopping basket, into which everything fits obligingly, leaving ample space for after-thoughts. If I needed any proof of its adequacy, I had it to-day, when I upset the lot on the floor. There they all were, my dearest possessions.

Purse, lipstick, face powder, mirror, eye shadow, eye black, head scarf, neck scarf, plastic rain scarf, keys (front door, desk, petty cash and gas meter), newspaper, magazine, diary, address book, notebook, scribble pad, paper tissues, ball-point.

Gloves (one pair leather, one pair fabric, one odd, in case I ever found its mate), four pencils (one eyebrow, one indelible, two without points), one lighter minus wick, one wick, two safety pins, four paper clips, one cotton reel,

one comb with teeth, one without, one fountain pen without top, one top without fountain pen, one coat button, one dead leaf.

Three letters (one to be posted, one to be read, one to be answered), one Remembrance poppy, one flag (lifeboat day), two elastic bands, one thimble, one beer label, one packet of cigarettes, two cigarette stubs, one recipe for marmalade, one strip of satin for matching, one copy of *What's On*, one shoe catalogue, two aspirins and a throat pastille.

I put it all back except the fluff and the dead matches dislodged from the bottom. They say you cannot take it with you, but I expect I will as long as I have the strength to drag it all around.

— DIANA PETRY

Fish and Fashion

IT is warming to the British heart that Madame Prunier of the famous fish family, owner of French fishing trawlers, fish-ponds, caviar establishments and oyster beds, likes a kipper for her breakfast. Her maid buys them at the little fishmonger's across the road from her London flat. And Madame's most tangible tribute to British herrings and the men who catch them is the Prunier Trophy which is awarded annually to the skipper and crew hauling the greatest single catch of the autumn fishing season.

The greatest single catch of the London autumn season of 1934 was surely Madame Prunier herself, when she landed in St. James's Street. She was then thirty-one, the third generation

of restaurateurs, having succeeded her father when only twenty-two. She built on the sight of Rumpelmayer's famous teashop, and a thousand invitations were sent out for the opening reception in January 1935 which lasted from 6.30 until the small hours next morning. The twenty-fifth anniversary party was held this week. An atmosphere of the 1930s was recreated with photographs, film stills, theatre programmes, posters; there were model girls in dresses of the period, from Mrs. Langley Moore's collections, and the menu carried sentimental evocations written by artists, actors, and writers of the 'thirties.

In all this was demonstrated the Prunier flair for anticipating fashion. It takes thirty years for a period to

acquire nostalgic charm; and as the 'sixties proceed, inevitably the 'thirties will become a modish cult. Always *chez* Prunier, fish and fashion have moved together; if anything, the fish has swum slightly ahead. The first Maison was opened in 1872 near the Madeleine, when rank and fashion were beginning to move westwards. The *Traktir* opened in the Avenue Victor Hugo when a further westward move was sensed in the 'twenties. In London, St. James's Street was chosen when Soho and Piccadilly Circus were fashionably all but finished; and by its proximity to St. James's Palace, Prunier's made an informal pull-in for the world's most eligible bachelor.

The start in the Rue Duphot was not immediately chic. Opposite was an early travel agency; and every time a horse-drawn coach of English tourists drew up, an English employee of Prunier's shouted through a megaphone "Oysters, fresh oysters!" The English voice pulled the tourists like a magnet, and oysters were opened for them on benches outside the door—where they are still opened on very busy days. During the Universal Exhibition of 1889 M. Alfred Prunier was kept busy reserving tables over his newly-installed telephone; and always, to the end of his life, he courteously doffed his skull cap when answering the telephone. The 'nineties brought the fashion, the passion, for bicycling. Led by the Prince de Sagan in a bicycling suit and straw hat, *le tout Paris* took to riding in the Bois, and the topic over the tables at Prunier's was whether velocipediennes should wear short skirts or breeches. The Franco-Russian Alliance brought an influx of foreign patrons, headed by the Grand Dukes; and that was the origin of the term "a Grand Duke's night out" for an evening which goes on to next day: they would return at 8 a.m. for oysters and champagne.

When M. Emile Prunier had the idea of setting up counters to sell fresh fish just inside his entrance, it became a rendezvous for society ladies who, after a few oysters and much gossip, drove home with parcels of turbot or soles wrapped elegantly in parchment paper. M. Prunier boasted: "My shop doesn't smell of fish, it smells of patchouli." He was the first in Paris to have a *bar de dégustation*, or snack bar, and to serve wines by the glass to

a rich clientèle; during King Edward's reign he introduced raw celery with cheese and other English eccentricities. Visitors from the United States began to increase, and the first American dishes in Paris were served at Prunier's. They deplored the American habit of serving white wine on ice, but mixed their first cocktails on Armistice Day 1918.

Madame's husband kept the two restaurants going in Paris all through the last war, as well as engaging in the Resistance. In London, Prunier's advertised a private aid-raid shelter, air raid lunch 8s. 6d., black-out dinner with oysters 10s. 6d., and a black-out taxi service. When the raids were at their height and clients no more than a handful, Madame Prunier dined in the restaurant every night with a friend, wearing superb dresses and hats: "That made one more client." The influence of fish on fashion, of fashion on fish, is great; the influence of a restaurant proprietor incalculable. The Maison's motto is "*tout ce que vient de la mer*"; but Madame's could well be *la maison c'est moi*.

— ALISON ADBURGHAM

Basic Facts

THEY

Say:
Use this cream,
Buy that lotion,
Spray with Dream,
Drink this potion,
Don this two-way,
Wear these hose,
Brush with Nu-Way,
Cream that nose.

So:
For this cream I pay,
That lotion too,
With Dream I spray
And quaff this brew,
This two-way I don,
These hose I wear,
Nu-way brush on
And nose repair

And:
When I've done my duty
Do I see
A raving beauty?
No. Just me.

— FAITH COLLINS



"On the contrary, Mr. Thurston, thank you."



CRITICISM

BOOKING OFFICE

A la Recherche de Willy

AFTER Colette's death in 1954 biographical studies and reminiscences jostled with one another in their anxiety to explore the work and personality of a woman whose art is subjectivity—the first in this field of posthumous memoir being Maurice Goudekot, Colette's third and last husband. These publications tell little that is not in Colette's work. Only one man's experience could disentangle the fictitious web of the Colette story (she was herself expert in the craft of transmogrification), and that man is dead: Henry Gauthier-Villars, better known as Monsieur Willy, Colette's first husband.

With her Burgundian thoroughness Colette left a portrait of Willy the veracity of which few dared to challenge. Liberally she sprinkled him throughout her fiction: in the *Claudine* novels Willy appeared two-sided; as Renaud, the amoral husband intent on educating his

young provincial wife in the dubious sophistications of sex and demi-monde society, and as Maugis, the Wagnerian critic, a drunken cynical womanizer. In *La Retraite Sentimentale*, the first novel Colette wrote after her divorce, Willy, as Renaud again, was delegated to a sanatorium. Colette could never leave Willy alone. He popped up in later works, even in the journals, but her triumph is to be found in *Mes Apprentissages*, subtitled *Ce que Claudine n'a pas dit*, where Willy comes through as the unscrupulous hero-victim of thirteen years of marriage to Sidonie Gabrielle Colette.

Colette's visual picture reeks of authenticity. Willy, larger than caricature, is shown as a man whose dandyish obesity made beautiful women act like cats on heat, and whose fabulous literary aplomb compelled writers to commit their talents to the service of his Svengalian activities. Willy, author of numerous novels, plays and biographies, loathed the act of writing: he supplied ideas, plots, controversies and

incidents from his experience to a team of ghost-writers whose work was marketed and sold with considerable financial success in his name. As Jules Renard said, "*Willy ont beaucoup de talent.*" Even Colette admitted that Willy "had a nose for writers"—she herself was his most famous apprentice. Seen through Colette's memory, perversion in relation to Willy had no meaning, in that he accepted vice as men accept air, necessary for breathing, and to him corruption was merely another form of communication. In money matters Colette shows Willy to have been irresponsible, living wildly beyond all means of his creditors, extravagant with the world at large, mean to her.

Research into other biographical sources suggests that Colette's art about Willy was selective and hardly definitive. Admittedly partisanship is not lacking in other biographies: several published during Willy's lifetime bear evidence of scrutiny by the master.

Born in 1859 at Villiers (Seine et Oise district) Henry Gauthier-Villars supplied two different dates of birth to his biographers—the 10th and the 15th of August. He referred them to the cannon-fire which heralded the end of France's war with Italy at the time of his birth, the year in which the Kaiser was born. Well-to-do upper-middle-class were the Gauthier-Villars, owners of a publishing house specializing in educational and technical works.

Educated at the Lycée Condorcet and the Collège Stanislas, Willy shone as a classicist—Greek and Latin—with marked interests in zoology, astronomy and rhetorical poetry. Army service with a pukka cavalry regiment perfected Willy's natural horsemanship: early photographs introduce a Kiplingish junior officer wearing a topee and sporting a dashing groomed moustache. The Edward the Seventh beard came later with the Colette years. Work in the family firm taught Willy the tricks of his hack scholar's craft and inspired him to a volume of sonnets, printed in defiance of his father. Selling his share of the business to his brother, Willy launched out as a literary man about town. Soon

THESE LOOKS SPEAK VOLUMES

A Panorama of Publishers



18. ANDRÉ DEUTSCH

STARTED twice from scratch (Allan Wingate, 1945; André Deutsch, 1951) and will never do it again. Has launched Wolf Markowitz, Norman Mailer, George Mikes, also writers beginning with other letters. Biggest successes? *The Naked and the Dead*, *How to be an Alien*, *A Cure for Serpents*, *The Bombard Story*, *Operation Cicero*. Can imagine no work more enjoyable than publishing, but has hobbies other than talking shop: reading, skiing, listening to music. Drives a Rover but has taken a Bentley (Nicolas) into partnership; also Diana Athill. Is allergic to umbrellas.

he became the leading music critic of his day, provoking and stimulating as did Shaw in his youth. Willy's first musical idol, Debussy, proclaimed him as the best, a man who could make or break a reputation.

A passion for pseudonyms took Willy into other literary fields and theatrical management. A taste for English fashions as distinct from any feeling for England produced Jim Smiley, felt top hats, tweeds, Jockey Club membership, ulsters and brief notes in English signed "yours." Caricaturists fell in love with Willy, and he constantly provided them with extra items such as red waistcoats, gold-tipped hand-made cigarettes, an eyeglass. His *bons mots* enhanced the apéritif hour and his publicity campaigns were commercial and spectacular. When Colette's *Claudine* novels, published under Willy's name, made their startling début, tradesmen, inspired by Willy, marketed a Claudine lotion, a Claudine ice, a Claudine scent, a Claudine collar called a Claudinet.

At the height of Colette's relationship with the Marquise de Belbeuf, with whom she appeared on the stage in a dubious mime, Willy applauded from a box in the face of his Jockey Club fellow-members who, shocked by this husband's tolerance (legally Willy was at the time able to forbid his wife's performance), literally booed him from the theatre. When the scandal of the separation broke, Willy made a classic remark: "In this business everyone has quarrelled with Colette except me." Colette's version suggests that Willy left her destitute. Other evidence shows that Willy's terms of separation were over-generous both in money and property matters.

Colette's Willy-story ends with hints of gutter-days for the latter years of this *boulevardier par excellence*, whereas facts indicate last years of financial ease, with an adoring mistress, with much work done and many secretaries and friends still employed. And although the final illness was long and painful, ending in cerebral congestion and partial paralysis, Willy's funeral was not unmagnificent, attended by representatives of the French and Goncourt Academies, the Society of Authors, the Gens de Lettres and three thousand Parisians who escorted the coffin to Montparnasse cemetery. "*C'est la gloire*," remarked one spectator. "Perhaps not exactly glory," was his companion's response, "but definitely a smell of glory." As Willy said, "Truth is a personal conception of events," which can even prove Colette right. — KAY DICK

NEW NOVELS

Shadows and Images. Meriol Trevor. Macmillan, 15/-

When the Ship Sank. James MacGregor. Heinemann, 16/-

All the King's Men and At Heaven's Gate. Both Robert Penn Warren. Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18/-

Shadows and Images deserves high marks for originality of conception. Its heroine is a parson's daughter who is on the fringe of the Newman circle and marries a rather gay, arty, Catholic factory-owner. This is not just a fictionalized biography of Newman, and equal weight is given to the heroine's rather unhappy family life; but the two aspects shore each other up rather than reinforce each other. There is not enough theology to establish the drama of the Oxford Movement and Newman's conversion, and not enough character investigation to make the heroine continuously interesting; she remains a bit of a goose. Despite the descriptions of Keble's Assize Sermon, Littlemore, Pio Nono's Rome and smoky, violent Birmingham, I felt the book ought to have been longer—and this, in a Penn Warren week, is something of a tribute.

When the Ship Sank has a dreadful jacket and blurb and the writing seems to have been got at by an old-fashioned sub-editor. Everything is dramatized. All the sentences are short. One is constantly switched from one family to another. But underlying all this "presentation" is the most vivid and profound account of man in salt water since *Pincher Martin*. Mr. MacGregor tells you just where your centre of gravity should go when you are hanging on to an oar, and how deck-chairs can save life, and why the fighters survive while both the panicky and the over-calm drown. He is quite pitiless and never lets characters live simply because he likes them. He is very good on officers' reactions to shipwreck. An impressive book, published with quite uncharacteristic incompetence.

Opinions differ about Mr. Penn Warren considerably; if reviewers began to agree editors might turn over to syndicated reviewing. Some people think the length and elaboration of his novels are evidence of shallowness. (Short, chiselled novels that reviewers can read fast are generally praised, though poor Mr. Norman Collins is still hoping that reviewers will return to exclaiming "Here's richness!") Admirers place him nearer to Faulkner than to Marquand. Part of the reason for the hesitation over his status is that he superficially resembles the tellers of meaty tales full of sex and violence and local colour and social conscience, and it needs an effort to recognize that good writing used to be like this and might well be again. He has more in common with both Balzac and Ibsen than with most twentieth-century classics.

He is better than the field because his ingredients are fresher, his invention



stronger, his passion hotter and better directed, his knowledge deeper and more various, his seriousness less intermittent, his construction as ingenious but less frequently in excess of requirements, his themes essential rather than fashionable, his power and copiousness of mind greater; nor is he inferior in narrative and other ways of gripping the attention.

In *All the King's Men* (now re-issued), the shift of focus from the Huey Long type Southern boss to his henchman, who carries out dirty jobs for him that explode into his own past, seems at first to abandon the public themes with which the novel opened for a private world, until one realizes that the roots of power are in the fears and inadequacies of followers. *At Heaven's Gate* (previously published here in an abridged edition), though continuously interesting and exciting, is not quite such a success. The story of the smooth, paternal, third generation boss, his rebellious, arty daughter and the poor boy from an impoverished family who becomes his right-hand man lacks a point of balance and the device of interpolating passages from the dialect life-history of a preacher whose fate provides the penultimate surprise does not quite give the stereoscopic effect aimed at. However, it is individual and compelling and full of characters and scenes that nobody else could invent.

— R. G. G. PRICE

OTHER NEW BOOKS

Wisdom of the West. Bertrand Russell. Macdonald, 63/-

So far as the text goes, this is a potted and somewhat popularized version of Lord Russell's *History of Western Philosophy*, written with great clarity and succinctness, and presumably intended to appeal to a wider audience than its predecessor; it is also an ambitious and elaborate experiment in book-making, lavishly illustrated with appropriate engravings, photographs and colour-reproductions, including ten original designs

by John Piper. As though this were not enough, the margins are embellished by a series of diagrams illustrating such knotty points as the meaning of the Trinity, the nature of syllogisms or the doctrine of Platonic forms. The idea is an ingenious one, but tends in this case to defeat its own ends, for the decorations too often distract one's eye from the text, which in many cases is tucked away, unobtrusively, in a corner at the bottom of the page. Let us, by all means, have philosophy without tears, but one can't help feeling that the sort of person for whom this book is intended will be inclined to jib at the price. — J. B.

Adventures with the Missing Link.

Raymond A. Dart with Dennis Craig. Hamilton, 25/-

When Dr. Dart discovered and investigated *Australopithecus* in 1924 general scientific opinion opposed his belief that he had in his hands the earliest known link between Ape and Man. Deductions made from the newly-found Piltown Man were mainly responsible for this neglect of Dart's views, and it took him 30 years to win full recognition for theories based on the "Taungs Baby" and other African finds. The Piltown skull of course was fraudulent.

The "Baby" is the skull of a man-like ape, much older than the more common ape-like man and largely distinguished

from its gorilla ancestor not by mental capacity, as might be expected, but by manual skill in the handling of offensive weapons—a skill that its later descendants may view with a certain wry admiration. A pity that in a book so well-written and of such wide interest all the references to illustrations in the vital chapters 9 to 16 are incorrect. — J. D.

The England of Nimrod and Surtees 1815-1854. E. W. Bovill. O.U.P., 25/-

The odd bits of information about foxhunting and coaching that one picks up from the nineteenth century novelists do not provide as systematic a picture of this part of social history as one is apt to imagine. Starting from the two great horsey writers, Mr. Bovill provides a framework and a good deal of entertaining detail in this little masterpiece of exposition. He writes a clear, succinct prose with a sharp flavour. His illustrations are informative and evocative, though he ignores Leech. He explains how "poultry claims" worked and what "treeing" a fox meant and where the main packs hunted and why coach stages shortened and how fares were calculated.

Writing like a squire, he may not appeal to those who see hunting from the point of view of the fox; but they will have to read him for his facts. One of the most surprising facts is that until quite lately hunting was rather a slow business, not a cross-country gallop,

and with no jumps unless it was impossible to avoid them. There is an appendix defending Tony Weller from the charge of being untypical.

— R. G. G. P.

The Concise Encyclopædia of World Railway Locomotives. P. Ransome-Wallis. Hutchinson, 50/-

This notable and weighty addition to "New Horizon Books" has no uniform plan. The chapter on "Electric Motive Power," for instance, is in the form of a running treatise, with sections on development, design, current practice and so on; whereas "The Reciprocating Steam Locomotive" is openly and alphabetically encyclopædic, with "Flange Lubricators" following "Firedoor" in due sequence. But only the keenest will read the highly technical text. For the rest, the splendid illustrations—128 pages in black-and-white and 16 in colour—will be the thing.

— H. F. E.

Derain. Denys Sutton. Phaidon, 18/6

Derain (1880-1954) of the Matisse, Picasso, Braque group was once a leader co-equal with them. His pictures still command high prices, though since the 'thirties his aesthetic stocks have been on the wane. Denys Sutton discusses with sympathy and absence of abstruseness the reasons for this; and the hundred illustrations all (excepting one coloured one) up to the usual high Phaidon standard, give one a clear idea of the many styles into which (like Picasso) Derain has delved, and for which (unlike Picasso) he has been condemned. Perhaps when the craze for novelty has worn off (and to what absurdities has it brought us!) Derain may be rated higher than he is now. Is there any living artist who can draw and paint nudes or landscapes better than Derain, or one who has more justified his passion for the art of the past?

— A. D.

CREDIT BALANCE

Some Shakespearean Themes. L. C. Knights. Chatto and Windus, 18/-. Essays demonstrating from selected plays the coherence of Shakespeare's thought on time and change, man and nature. Stimulating suggestions from Professor Knights and many sharp quotations from other critics. Left one reader excited and admiring but with a slight feeling that everything anybody says about Shakespeare is true.

AT THE PLAY

Hooray for Daisy! (THEATRE ROYAL, BRISTOL)

SOME years ago Dorothy Reynolds and Julian Slade wrote a Christmas entertainment for the Theatre Royal, Bristol, named *Salad Days*, and we all know what happened to that. Any so-called Christmas entertainment by this particular team must therefore be inspected with the greatest care and



[Hooray for Daisy!]

Harry Tuck—LEONARD ROSSITER

The Rev. Lawrence Pewsey—ANGUS MACKAY
Priscilla Vernon—ANNETTE CROSBIE

suspicion. Their newest contains a beanstalk and a slice of pantomime, and does seem to be specifically geared to Christmas; but one never knows.

Hooray for Daisy! takes a musical comedy attitude to life in a village which Jane Graham's sets put agreeably in the Cotswolds. Daisy is a two-man cow starring in the pantomime produced by

REP SELECTION

Playhouse, Liverpool, *The Leader of the House*, until February 6th.
Belgrade, Coventry, *The Spider's Web*, until January 30th.
Bromley Rep, *Pygmalion*, until January 23rd.
Marlowe, Canterbury, *Murder on Arrival*, until January 23rd.

a very agile and sociable young curate. Like all the other local males his heart is pulverized by the return to the neighbourhood of a girl who appears to have made a host of friends in infancy. Where this might have led to ill-feeling, this is an easy-going village; indeed nobody is ever surprised at anything, not even when the beanstalk materializes and a representative expedition goes north to explore its upper reaches, which turn out to be a kind of extra-hospitable hotel. A somewhat loose-fitting story, perhaps, but who would complain when it gives so many chances to the comedians in which the Bristol Old Vic seems at the moment unusually rich?

Miss Reynolds has written some neat lyrics—particularly "Wine is a Thing" and "Nice Day"—and Mr. Slade's music is as taking as ever, with Mr. Slade himself at one of the pianos. Denis Carey's production strikes a light and festive note. Miss Reynolds is witty as an outspoken spinster (in love with the curate), and Annette Crosbie and Margaret Jones score as the girl who comes back and the lady of the manor. James Cairncross is surely a comedian of considerable distinction; he shares the comic honours with Angus Mackay, Peter Gilmore and Leonard Rossiter.

Hooray for Daisy! is neither so original nor so finely made as *Salad Days*, but it is good enough to pack with an ecstatic audience the loveliest playhouse in England.

Recommended

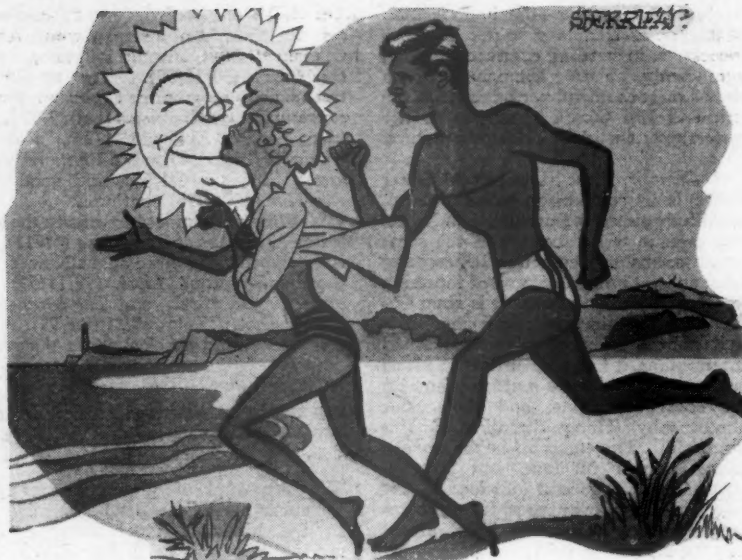
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Rosmersholm (Comedy—25/11/59), Peggy Ashcroft superb in fine production.
One Way Pendulum (Royal Court—6/1/60), funny surrealism. *A Clean Kill* (Criterion—23/12/59), good new crime play.

—ERIC KEOWN

EXHIBITIONS

"Punch in the Cinema," Odeon, Sutton Coldfield.
"Punch with Wings," Exhibition Hall, Queen's Buildings, London Airport Central.



[A Summer Place

Molly Jorgenson—SANDRA DEE

Johnny Hunter—TROY DONAHUE

AT THE PICTURES

Hiroshima Mon Amour
A Summer Place

THE version of *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (Director: Alain Resnais) shown in this country has been marred, as I think, by fifteen minutes of dubbing at the start, which is described in the credits as an "introduction by Moira Lister." I'm not blaming Miss Lister; she speaks what would appear to be a literal English translation of the original French, and should not have to bear any responsibility for it. My criticism is aimed at whatever person it was who decided that this strange, this uniquely moving and impressive film must start in English so as not to scare away an English audience. After that fifteen minutes, which is talk between a man and a woman, such as we hear throughout the film, the language suddenly changes back to the original French, and there are titles translating it. Why? If people are supposed to want that much of it dubbed, is the idea that they won't mind—or won't have the energy to demand their money back—if the rest isn't? Alternatively—why spoil the first fifteen minutes for all the people who can read, or can understand French? For it is not in the true sense an introduction, preparing the way for or explaining the film; it is a translation of the original, full of deliberate repetitions and special turns of phrase that—in the original—were meant to make their effect at that particular moment, as everything else in the film was. It is

simply the sound-track of the beginning of the film. Dubbing it is about as sensible as translating the first line or two of a poem and leaving the rest.

And the film is like a poem in many ways; a summary of its narrative basis would be misleading and irrelevant. There is a "story," yes; but infinitely more important is the way it emerges, the design of the film as a whole, the atmosphere or mood produced by balancing, alternating, contrasting, sometimes mingling different scenes and times.

The "now" of the picture is the present day in Hiroshima, and there are only two principal characters, unnamed: a French actress who is there to make a film, and a Japanese architect. On this level of time and scene all that happens is that in various places in the city, during about twenty-four hours, they talk and make love. But she tells him of her war-time youth in Nevers, when she shamed her family by loving a German soldier and was humiliated for it; and perpetually, throughout the film, we are reminded of Hiroshima on that fatal day nearly fifteen years ago. The unique, indefinably moving impression is made by the way these different scenes and times and moods are shifted about to make the film's design, the way they overlap and mingle.

Some effects are comparatively straightforward: for instance, the talk behind the actor made up as a bomb victim, or the carrying of the great background stills of devastation across the film set. But most of them are indirect and more subtly evocative,

produced by cutting—the juxtaposition of images or sounds of different times and places, in startling contrast or oddly, significantly alike. Emmanuele Riva gives a most beautiful performance as the girl, and Eiji Okada complements her perfectly, but it is the director's picture.

A Summer Place (Director: Delmer Daves) is by comparison so commercial, so skilfully aimed at a profitable audience, that even to write about it in the same article seems to demand a deprecating tone; and yet it must be praised for doing so efficiently exactly what it is meant to do. It is ingenious in contrivance, it is well played, its story is well told and entertaining, it has a great deal of visual beauty—the scene is a holiday island off the coast of Maine, and the colour photography (Harry Stradling, Sr.) is wonderful. The emotions in the story—young people in love and trouble, misunderstanding and officious elders who see their own youthful mistakes repeated—may be comparatively obvious and the characters shallow, but they are credibly and intelligently presented, with much excellent detail. This is a story, about these particular people; no need to assume it says that everyone in these circumstances does likewise—let alone that everyone *should* do likewise. I found much to enjoy in it.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

For balletomanes, not film fans, there is *The Royal Ballet* in "Swan Lake"

Act II, "The Firebird," and "Ondine": a straight record of a stage performance. Of the real films, I would still choose *On the Beach* (30/12/59). The attractive two-comedy programme *Charmants Garçons* and *Persons Unknown* (both 2/12/59), *The Savage Eye* (25/11/59), *Vicious Circle* (16/12/59), Disney's *White Wilderness* ("Survey," 6/1/60), and good old *Ben-Hur* (30/12/59) continue.

Nothing very important among the releases. *The Best of Everything* (18/11/59) is an entertaining piece about New York shorthand-typists, *Libel* (18/11/59) is quite a good puzzle, and *The Strangers of Bombay* ("Survey" 16/12/59) is a competent mild shocker about thuggee.

— RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Hearing Aids

FOR a couple of guineas one may now subscribe to the BBC "Painting of the Month"; those who do will receive each month a four-colour reproduction, twelve inches by nine, of a famous painting, with four pages of notes, several black-and-white details from the painting and, perhaps, a reproduction of a comparable painting; there is also a wallet to keep the series in and an introductory pamphlet consisting largely of a list of collections of paintings open to the public in this country. Shortly after receiving each month's painting, with trimmings, subscribers will be able to listen to a talk on it. The series lasts a year, and late subscribers

get all the previous reproductions but escape the talks.

So far all goes well. The reproduction of one of Uccello's *St. George and the Dragons*, the January painting, was a fine three-and-sixpence-worth; the notes were useful; and the talk, by Sir Philip Hendy, lively and satisfying. My only criticism is that the black-and-white details show one scarcely more detail than the coloured reproductions and that other comparable or contrasting pictures would be more useful. The scheme, considering what a lot two guineas seems in January, has been fairly popular. Anyone who wishes to join should place an order with his newsagent, or write, enclosing two guineas, to BBC Publications (Painting), 35 Marylebone High Street, London W.1.

This is only a new departure for broadcasting in the sense that it is the first time that subscriptions have been asked for. (Though the chance to advertise the series as "In sound, with colour" must have made the TV-mongers jealous.) A booklet on "The Nature of Drawing" was available (for 3/-) to accompany the series of six talks now ending, and another on the first four crusades, full of relevant illustrations, has just been issued to accompany the seven talks that start on January 27; 2/6. On a humbler scale there are the bridge hands printed in *Radio Times* before each Sunday's bout for bridge-fiends. (Cards on Sunday! Shades of Reith!)

But easily the most remarkable venture in this field is the five-shilling pamphlet "Russian for Beginners," which was produced by Ronald Hingley to accompany the series of forty Russian lessons which are now thundering through Network Three. As they came up to Lesson Ten the BBC had sold 39,000 copies of this pamphlet. The lessons themselves, even to one who is not learning how to pronounce "the swish consonants," are good entertainment value, the boisterous good humour of the English exchanges contrasting pleasantly with the despairing intonation that is apparently right for Russian. (I know that phrase-books are not fair game, but I am worried about the West ever reaching rational agreement with a nation in whose language the following three consecutive sentences make sense:—"That is not a telephone, but music." "No, that is not music, but a motor car." "No, that is not a motor car, but a telephone.")

Practically all this is Network Three stuff (remember the scandalous invasion of the Third?—it was the end of civilization as we know it) and apart from its great immediate practicality it is a splendid omen for those who believe in the usefulness of the written word. The intellectual doomsters who say that even listening to the wireless is debauchery may take comfort from the thought that there are some things nowadays which you can't listen to if you can't read.

— PETER DICKINSON



"Wants to borrow her usual cup of sugar."

As They Might Have Been

VIII SALVADOR DALI

*THOUGH Señor Dali labours all he can
To probe the limits of the soul of man,
What analyst from Wimpole Street or Harley
Could ever probe the soul of Señor Dali?*



Diary of a First-Nighter

By J. E. HINDER

"The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre is opening a branch in the West End. The Aldwych Theatre—once the home of Ralph Lynn and Robertson Hare farces—will become an extension of the theatre at Stratford-on-Avon."

News Chronicle

FEBRUARY 4th. *Othello*. Modern dress. Excellent production. Audience-scene well conceived in modern office on stilts with electronic computer in background. Sir Ronald Sulphur impressive as usual in part of Moor, but unfortunate mishap in last act. *Othello* clambered up two fire-escapes to Desdemona's penthouse successfully, but on reaching top, his trousers fell down and he tripped over braces, falling on bed which collapsed. "It is the cause," naturally irretrievably marred as result.

MARCH 20th. *Hamlet*. Victorian dress. Impressive opening in large attic bedroom. Ghoulgud penetrating as Dane, but accidents seem to dog this company. Ophelia seized with fit of giggling during mad scene, caught crinoline in scenery and fell into orchestra pit. Fight scene in last act complete farce. *Hamlet* split trousers and Laertes fell on Gertrude who knocked the King down. When he rose, oversized poisoned chalice found to be

inextricably wedged over head. *Hamlet*, endeavouring to remove it, cannoned into entering Fortinbras, English Ambassadors, drum, colours, etc. Put head clean through drum. Horatio turned to audience with leer, crying "Why does the drum come hither?" Am very worried about it all. Is there a Theatergeist at work?

MAY 30th. *Julius Caesar*. Things going from bad to worse. Guinness billed as Caesar but did not appear. Place taken by unknown, yet familiar, short, bald-headed fellow. Kept deliberately tripping over ridiculously elongated robe, pinching Calpurnia and, on one occasion, donned horn-rimmed glasses to read speech. Atrocious! *Ad libs* inserted in places! When stabbed, cried "Et tu Brute? O Calamity!" Wretched audience laughed. Have written to Mr. Hall.

JULY 16th. *A Robin in the Drain*. New play, apparently by unknown Central European called Benjuscke Traverscz. Have seen *Godot*, *Fin de Partie* and all Ionesco but this most extraordinary yet! Existentialist nobleman in Transylvanian country house having affaire with maid. Most confusing. Young women in underwear constantly being discovered in ward-robres by fat, hysterical noblewomen. Comic butler called Tod continually

hunting for family treasure in pantry. Significance? I don't know! Whole thing ends with wedding, interrupted by police. Bride's dress falls down to reveal male legs in suspenders. Groom revealed to be a woman but before action can be taken, house burns down! Most peculiar audience for extension of Stratford, too! No reply from Mr. Hall.

OCTOBER 4th. *Titus Andronicus*. Have written to *Times* enumerating reasons for deserting the theatre for ever, after this performance. Titus played by bald fellow. Fantastic slapstick reading of part, culminating in interpolated remark on first sight of the mutilated Lavinia. "Oh! A dumb blonde, indubitably?" Last scene finally decided me. Rose to leave with stage in chaos, Tamora wiping remains of one pie from face as Saturninus received the other. Looked back fearfully from exit and saw that Titus had lost tights. Sir Laurence not in audience, thank goodness!

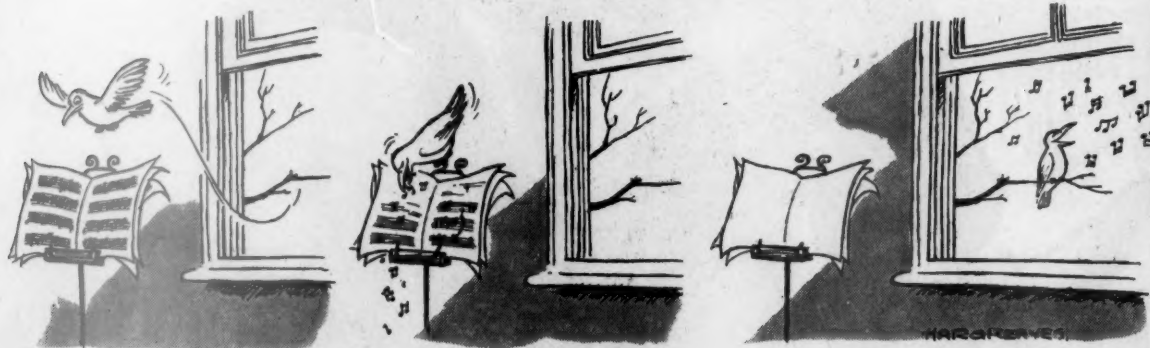
☆

"GEM, LONG SUTTON
Wednesday, Thursday

SUBMARINE SEAHAWK.—Given command of a submarine which has a proud fighting record, an unsociable naval officer refuses to fire a torpedo at any enemy ship."

Lincolnshire Free Press

Well, he probably hadn't been introduced.



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